

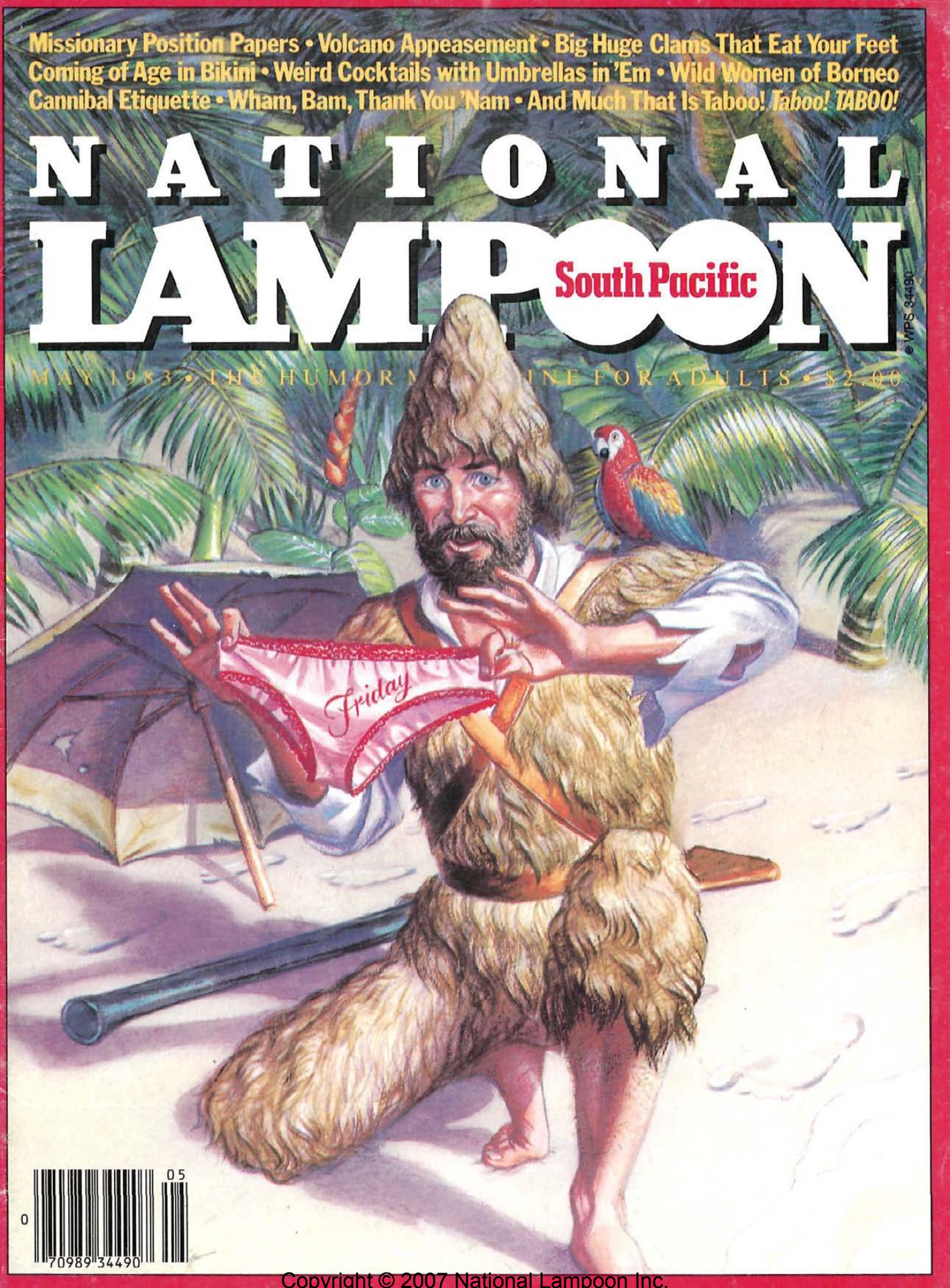
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Cannibal Etiquette • Wham, Bam, Thank You 'Nam • And Much That Is Taboo! *Taboo! TABOO!*

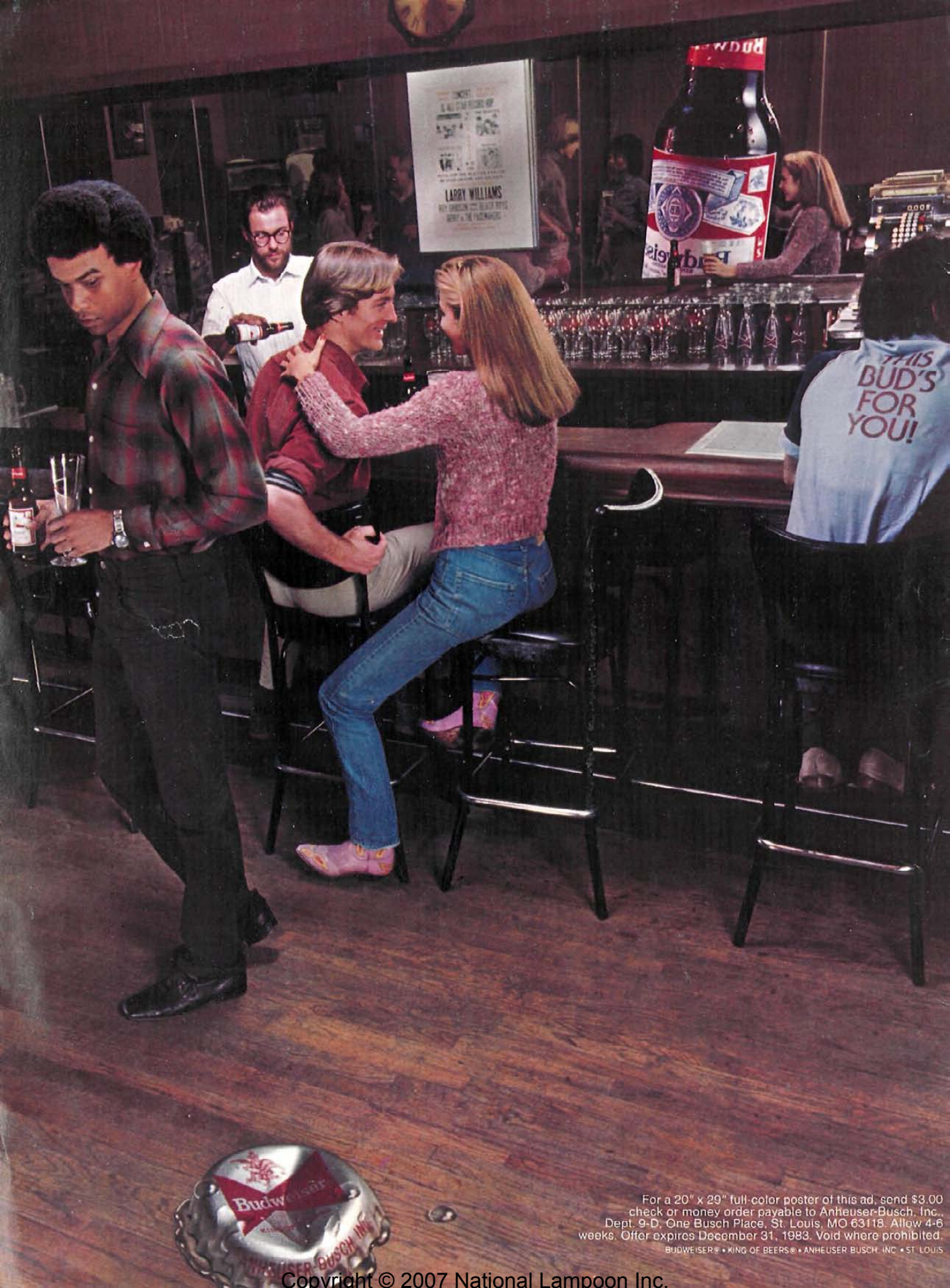
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South Pacific

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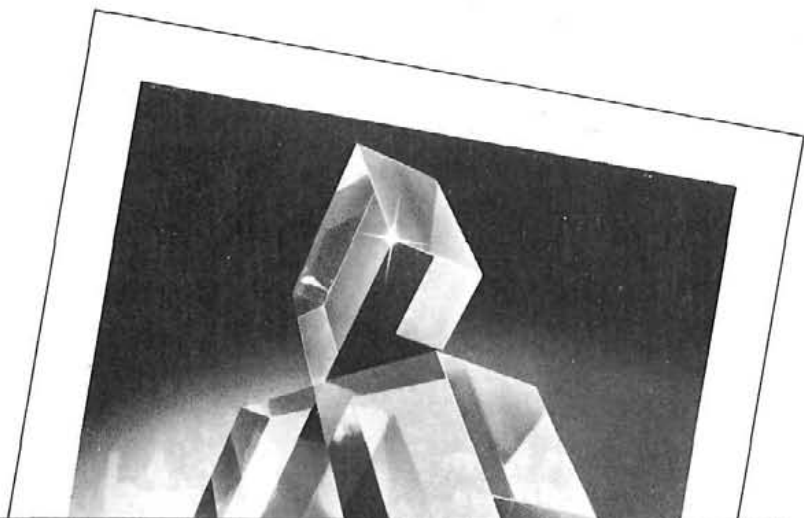
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# Second To One.



The RX-735, Mitsubishi's Electronic-Tune in-dash Car Stereo that's rivaled only by its mentor—the CZ-747.

The RX-735 is a collaboration of state-of-the-art features, sizzling audio performance, and reliability that is undeniably Mitsubishi.

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Mitsubishi's RX-735 also has an additional feature many manufacturers rarely talk about, its affordability.

The RX-735 is unquestionably Mitsubishi. And it's only second to one.

## Diamond Collection.™



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In Canada: Melco Sales Canada

May 1983  
Vol. 2, No. 58

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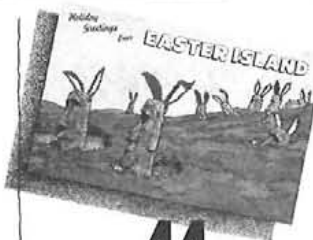


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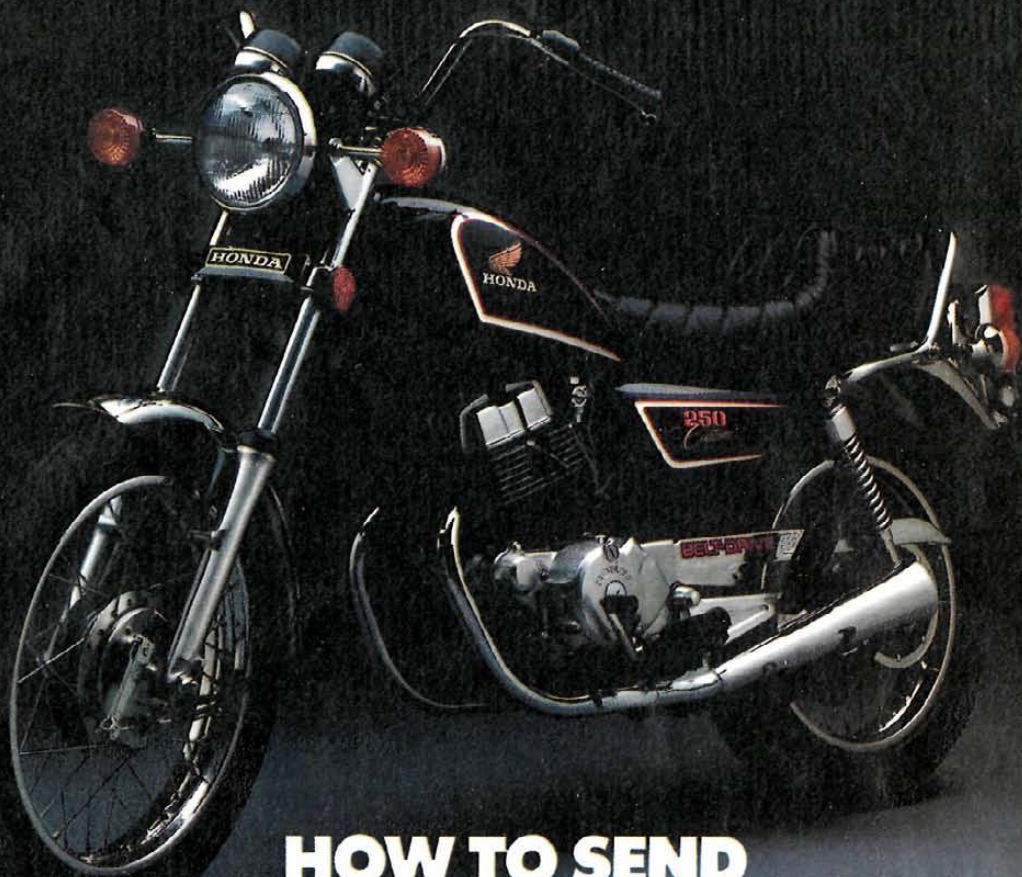


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## HOW TO SEND YOUR PULSE RACING.

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# editorail

**W**HEN I THINK OF THE Pacific Rim area, I think big thoughts. Giant fluffy cumulus concatenations of cerebation would be visible scudding just over my dapper little head if you had eyes to see them or those incredible X-ray specs sold in novelty stores. Somewhere in that cloud are tiny droplets that hold the image of the delicate bones in the wrists of Polynesian women; misty swirls contain forever frozen the smiling, smoked-spectacled face of Edward Teller lit by the flash of an H-bomb as if captured in a party-Polaroid overexposure. Elsewhere Dugout Doug MacArthur is saying, "Will General Wainwright and General Percival step forward and accompany me while I sign?" and an Australian tourist is pissing from the top deck of a Hong Kong-harbor cruise boat. Gauguin is painting his self-portrait, a horror of hand-ground reds and greens perfectly suited to limn his leprosy. Three-quarters of a century later an ABC-TV movie team is dropping a half-pound plastic spider on monofilament leader toward the two-pound plastic breast of an actress feigning sleep. An ancient Frenchman, Jacques

Cousteau, ceaselessly patrols the seas like the legendary Flying Dutchman, his ship manned by a gaunt and wraith-like crew of driven deviates in skintight bikini bathing costumes. El Nino, the quirky current, arrives off the South American coast sometime in December and thousands of fishermen put to sea; they are after anchovies destined to be made into meal for America's hogs. Further north in Catalina a dentist struggles to winch the clew of his mainsail to the top of the mast of his new sailboat while a drunken boat nigger soaks his burned foot in the salt water and laughs at him. In Alaska men look for work and whores dream of a day off. And me? I'm L. Dennis Plunkett.

**Cover:** HI GUYS STOP TAHITI IS BEAUTIFUL STOP COVER SHOT IS COMING ALONG STOP NATIVE GIRLS KEEP SPOOKING PARROT STOP ALL VERY CURIOUS ABOUT MAIN PROP AND WANT TO TRY THEM ON STOP SOME FUNNY SCENES HA HA STOP LIGHT BEST AROUND SUNSET SO HAVE BEEN SHOOTING FULL HOUR EACH DAY STOP FEELING CONFIDENT STOP SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING GOOD BY NEXT WEEK FOR SURE STOP JULIAN HAVE SOLD A FEW STROBES BUT FUNDS ARE

RUNNING LOW STOP PLEASE WIRE \$\$\$ ASAP STOP AWARE I AM RUNNING A BIT OVER BUDGET BUT WILL MAKE IT UP NEXT ISSUE STOP WILL PRINT ALL BLACK AND WHITE ON NEWSPRINT, STOP SORRY NO PHONES STOP SUPPLY PLANE NEXT THURSDAY IF MESSAGES STOP HOPE ALLS WELL STOP BACK SOON STOP PS ARLENE CALL STEVEN LAKEMAN STOP SPOKE TO HIM BEFORE TRIP STOP HE IS DOING PAINTING OF SAME COVER IDEA AS BACKUP IN CASE FILM IS RUINED OR SOMETHING BUT NO PROBLEMS FORESEEN STOP GOTTA RUN STOP BEST TO ALL MG

**Plug:** Sam Gross, the cartoonist and Frog Shirt magnate, has a new book out. *More Gross*, published by Congdon & Weed, is a fine collection of his work. Former accountant Sam has not disclosed whether he has a "Piece of the Gross" on this book, but he is welcome to use our newer and more amusing title, which still makes a pun on his surname, for any future collection of his cartoons. We think the title *Piece of the Gross* is snappy and mid-eighties, just like the writing over at *Vanity Fair*. It's just the thing, Sam, *restassssurred*. Oh, and here's one more line for your word count.—T.M.

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LETTERS  
8/9

**S**IRS: I AM HOPING TO GAIN your support for a new Nuclear Freeze-Frame Initiative. This initiative, which has already been enthusiastically adopted at town meetings all over the Northeast, would require all TV movies about World War III to end with freeze frames of ordinary people going about their everyday lives.

Stanley Dard  
*Sufficient, Wis.*

Sirs:

I read yesterday that a forty-one-year-old Buffalo lawyer was appointed U.S. prosecutor for western New York.

Next thing you know, they'll appoint a hippopotamus doctor surgeon general.

The Hideous Sun Demon  
*San Diego Zoo*

Sirs:

Gosh, we sure hope Orson Welles doesn't get cremated.

The Worms  
*Underground*

Sirs:

It's not easy for us big corporate executives to unwind at the end of one of our long, merger-filled days. We've tried enrolling in Roling, analysis, massage therapy, you name it. Even transcendental meditation. None of that new stuff seems to work. You know what *does* work? Watching winos burn their fingers on the heated coins we drop from our office windows onto the street. I guess the old methods are still the best methods.

Conrad F Ilth  
*F Ilth Enterprises, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Something terrible is happening to our trees. All the leaves are turning brown and falling off. I've combed the newspapers and found no mention of it. Hasn't anybody noticed? What the hell is going on?

A Former Blind Man  
*Foliage, Vt.*

Sirs:

Back in Omaha, after I caught my grandpa porking my sister Jane on the back porch, he'd give me Life Savers to keep me from shooting my mouth off. Those were good times, and I managed to put away enough packs of Life Savers to tide me over until this very day. Gramps died a few years back, and I never did get along with Jane, so I figured I'd let the cat out of the bag. Hiya, sis!

Ed Moribund  
*Shobedoo, Wash.*

Sirs:

Here at NBC, we have a "thing" for comedy. That "thing" is a complete and utter ineptitude.

Grant Tinker  
*NBC*

Sirs:

People say it must have been a laugh riot being a rock 'n' roll dentist in the sixties, removing guitar strings from Jimi Hendrix's teeth and everything. That's all I've got. Oh wait, Janis Joplin was exactly the same on laughing gas as she seemed on television.

John Lockjaw, D.D.S.  
*The Hit Factory*

Sirs:

We have recently introduced a line of office appliances that are novelty gags as well. Among them are a typewriter that goes "Blap" when you press the magic margin, an electric pencil sharp-

ener that gives you a shock when you put a pencil in it, a stapler that chatters like teeth, paper clips that stick to you like glue, and our favorite, an automatic copier that blows up your fucking office when you plug it in. HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

Gags 'R' Us  
*Trenton, N.J.*

Sirs:

It should be observed that the chiefest pleasures in all Utopia are those that derive from the mind. Next are those pleasures that derive from good health. Close third: those that derive from blowjobs.

Sir Thomas More  
*More! More! More!*

Sirs:

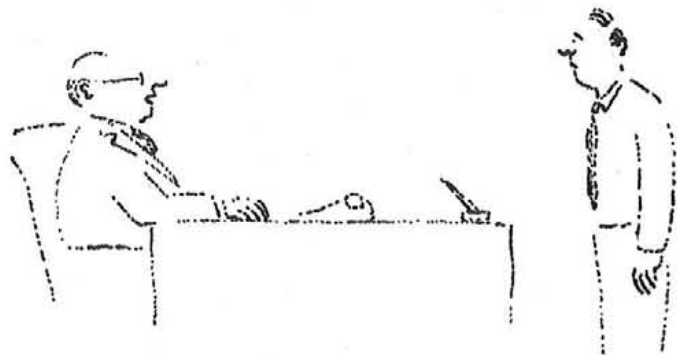
I tell ya, if I had a million dollars for every time a dwarf did a double flip out of a sixth-floor window, landed on my head, gave me a haircut, and then vanished into thin air, I'd be a rich, rich man.

New Jersey Brickface  
*Bruce Dern Stately Estate  
East Hampton, L.I.*

Sirs:

All consumers break into two groups: those who like their life out in the open, and those who want it wrapped in little individual slices. If it works for you, go with it.

Jerry Della Femina  
*New York, N.Y.*



MANKOFF

"Bevenion, if it's not too much of a problem, we'd like to modify your name so that people can get a quicker ethnic fix on it."



He's making the world safe for insanity.

DAN AYKROYD

# DOCTOR DETROIT



DAN AYKROYD

A BLACK RHINO/

BRILLSTEIN COMPANY Production

A MICHAEL PRESSMAN Film "DOCTOR DETROIT" HOWARD HESSEMAN

GEORGE FURTH · JAMES BROWN · T.K. CARTER · DONNA DIXON · FRAN DRESCHER · LYDIA LEI · LYNN WHITFIELD

Screenplay by CARL GOTTLIEB and ROBERT BORIS and BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN Story by BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

Music by LALO SCHIFRIN Director of Photography KING BAGGOT Associate Producer PETER V. HERALD

Executive Producer BERNIE BRILLSTEIN Produced by ROBERT K. WEISS Directed by MICHAEL PRESSMAN



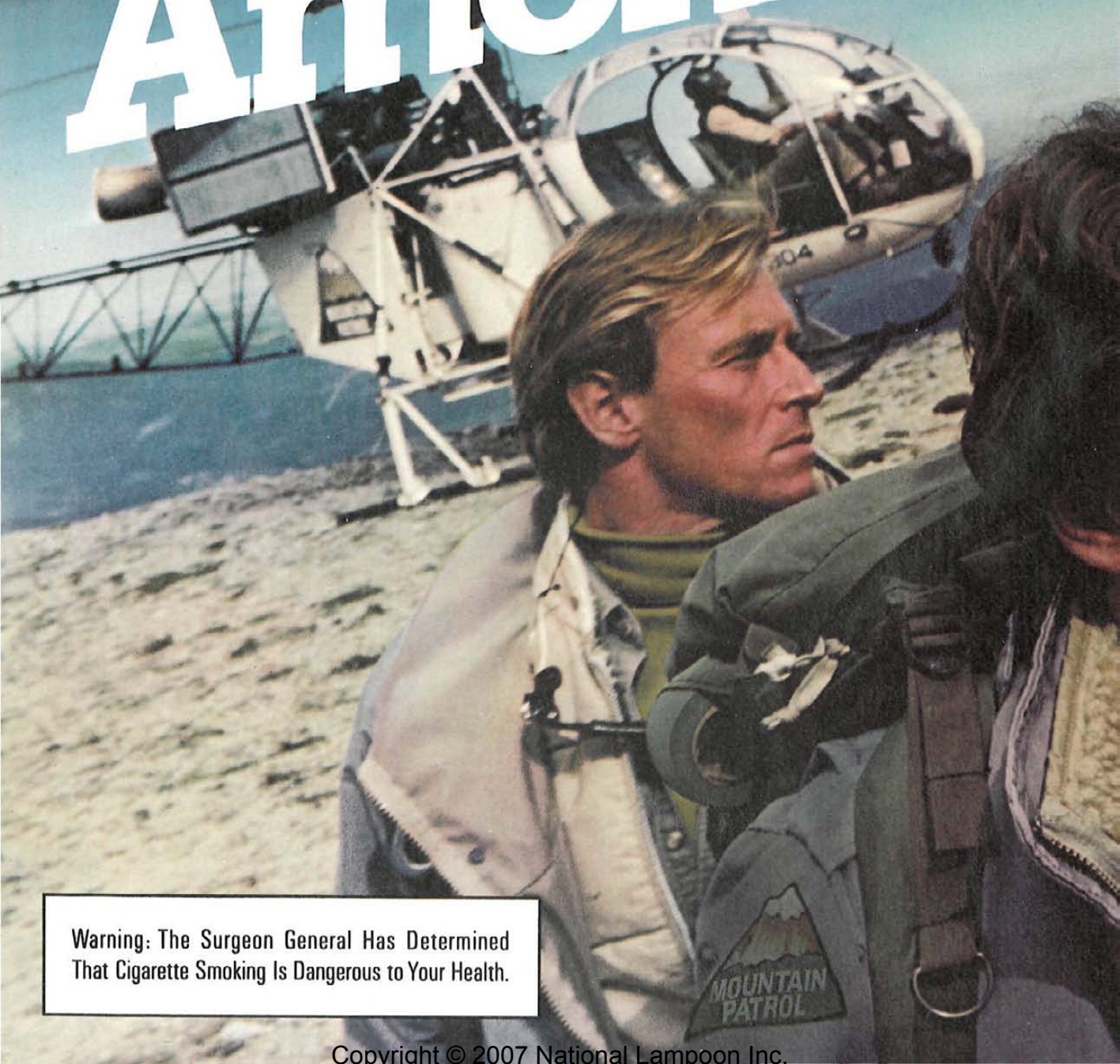
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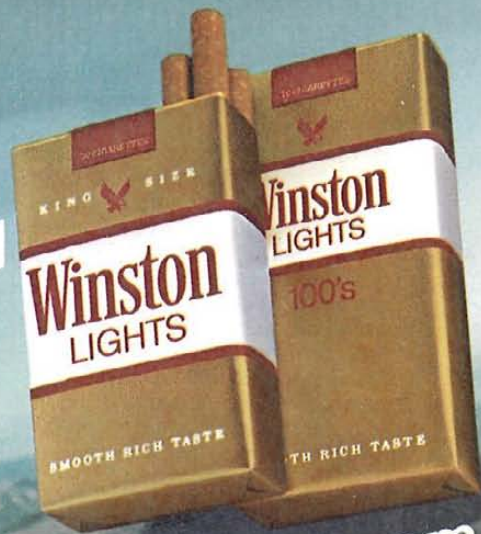
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# Winston. America's

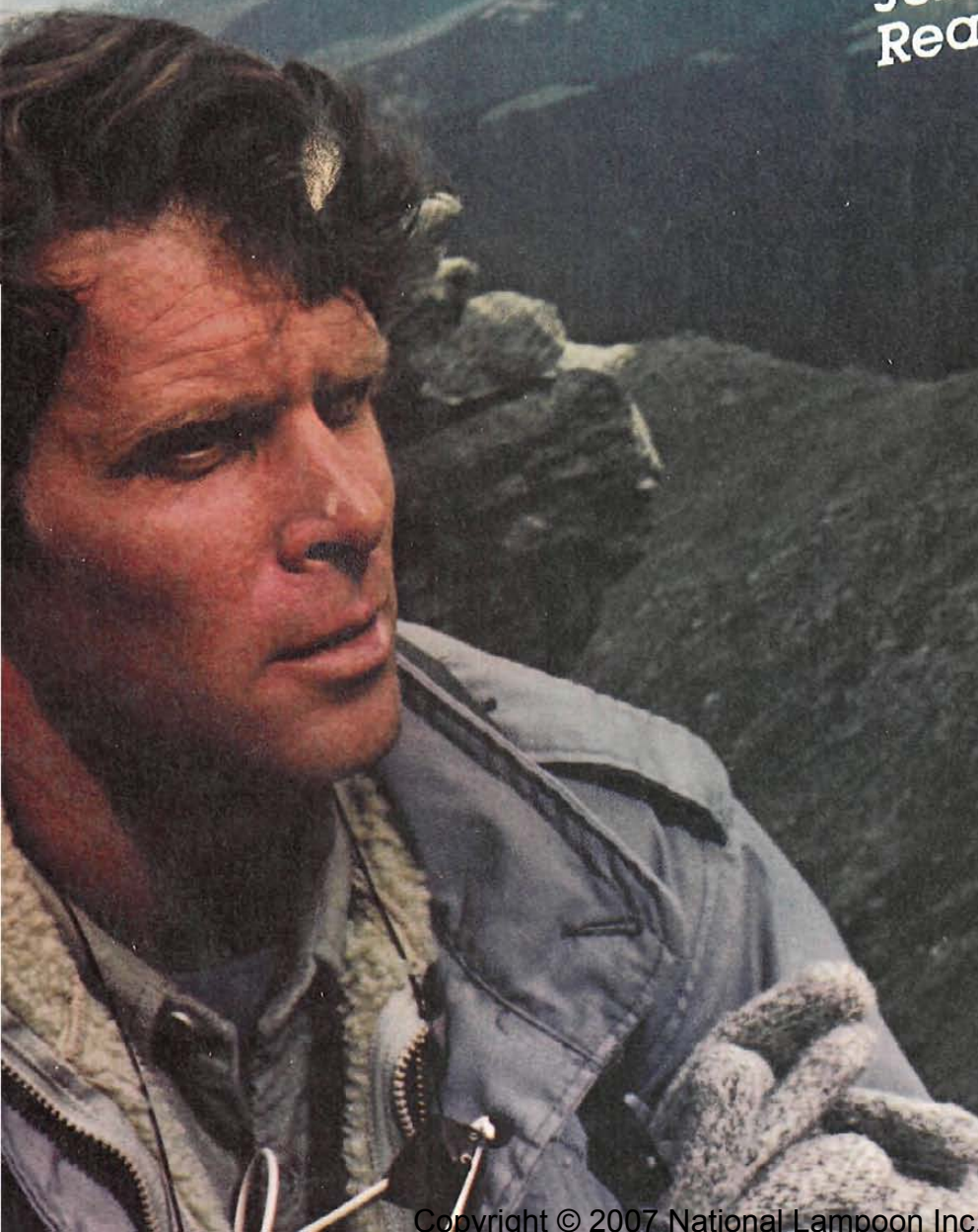


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Sirs:

**PRIZE:** Tickets for two for a night on the town visiting famous Tinseltown one-eyed celebs. That's right—drinks with Peter Falk, where he pours Scotch on your feet; a night of theater to view one-eyed sprite Sandy Duncan fly into beams; and finally disco dancing till dawn with man's man Sammy Davis, Jr., followed by gala blindman's buff with all three stars—each wearing a dynamic Halston eye patch over the good peeper, *eye patches that will be presented to you at the end of the game.*

**CONTEST:** Watch your mailbox for details.

The Contest Lords  
*Battle Creek, Mich.*

Sirs:

Hi, just thought I'd let you know I'm killing myself. Well, here goes....Am I dead yet? I can't even tell. Look, do me a favor and rip me up. You can tell the jury I gave you a paper cut.

This Letter  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

After conducting some serious research, I can now assert that I am tied with about two billion people for the most Guinness records that I don't hold (286,799) and the most Guinness rec-

ords that I couldn't give a royal shit about (286,799). And, while I'm at it, let me set the record for the most times telling the morons at Guinness to go screw themselves (1).

Wally Hampton  
*Cincinnati, Ohio*

Sirs:

While it is my considered opinion that a leper cannot change his spots, it should be noted that if he waits long enough, they will simply fall off.

Dr. Aesop  
*New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Sometimes girls on the beach like to lie on their stomachs and undo their bikini tops to get an even tan on their backs. What I do is come up behind them and yank them by their hair, lifting them up to expose their breasts. After I see their tits, I put them gently down again. If you think this is anti-woman, it's not. It's just pro-tits.

A Tit Lover  
*Far Rockaway, N.Y.*

Sirs:

Chef Boy-ar-dee and I would like to relate a bit of our double date with Betty Crocker and Julia Child. When we arrived at their duplex, we stood

outside for five minutes at fifty-six degrees before they were ready. When we finally got them into the car (after hearing long tales of homemade nail lacquer) they complained about the small rips in the vinyl seats, and laughed openly when an egg unexpectedly rolled out from under the seat. When we were back in the apartment opening some brews, Betty turned to Julia and asked, "Wouldn't this beer be better in a batter than out of a can?" "I agree," said Julia, "I'd rather spend a night curled up against cold canapés than with one of these losers."

What to do? Well, after thoroughly marinating them with love juices, we popped the troublesome two into the oven. How's that for a Mystery Meal?

Chef Saluto  
*In your freezer*

Sirs:

Hey, we had dibs on the "Chariots of Fire" name years ago.

Pinto Division  
*Ford Motor Company*

Sirs:

Give a man a fish, and he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to fish, and he'll still need tackle, bait, a good spot, and some luck before he catches anything. And who's going to clean it? All in all, it's a lot easier just to tell the bum to bug off or to give him a quarter.

Mark Sargis  
*Chicago, Ill.*

Sirs:

Give a man a fish, and he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to fish, and he'll eat for a lifetime. But give a man a million bucks, and he'll probably eat and drink and party his way into an early grave within a year. But that sounds okay to me, and it sure beats a life of putting worms on hooks.

Doug Day  
*Winnetka, Ill.*

Sirs:

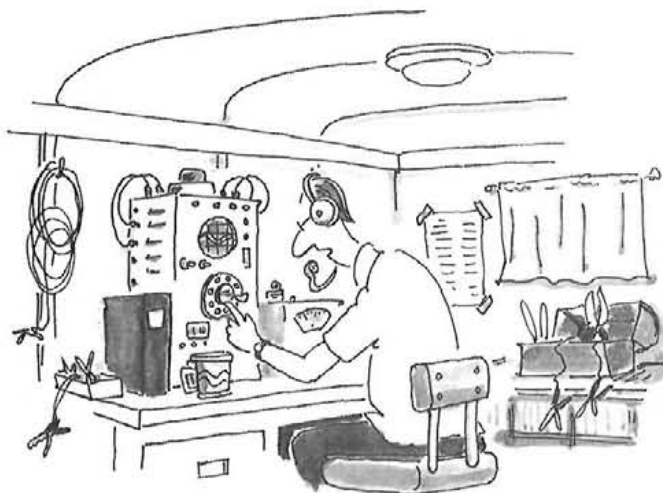
Give a man a hamburger, and he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to cook hamburgers, and he can get a job at McDonald's.

A Fish  
*Sea World, Calif.*

Sirs:

Hey, look, it's simply not true that the federal Department of Immigration hasn't got a comprehensive policy. We do, and it is eloquently expressed in our departmental motto: "Never let a dago by."

Faceless Overfed Bureaucrats  
*Washington, D.C.*



"Hello, Stromboli Pizza? When you deliver the Deckers' pizza, could you bring a small pie with anchovies to the white van parked in front of their house?"

Sirs:

How did I get my start in show business? Bit parts. Yeah, I was the guy modeling underwear in the Montgomery Ward catalog who left part of his dick hanging out. Get it? Bit parts... Please don't hate me, I'm really not that bad.

John Davidson  
"The John Davidson Show"

Sirs:

The following is a political message, paid for by the Committee to Preserve American Government. This note is in reply to a *New York Times* editorial that censured Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) for his "inefficacious 'filibustering'" and his "self-indulgent connivances at hardening the arteries of the American legislative process."

We now present the honorable Mr. Helms:

"Oh yeah? Well, I'm rubber and you're glue and whatever you say bounces off me and sticks to you! NA-NA-NA-NA-NA! Sticks and stones will break my bones but names will never hurt me! Kiss this! Last one in is a rotten egg!"

Paid for by the Committee  
to Preserve American Government  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I just want to let your readers know that drug possession charges abroad aren't as stiff as we're led to believe. I was caught with some heavy shit in Sweden and all they did was hit me over the head with a stylish dining room set.

Earl  
B Concourse  
JFK International Airport

Sirs:

I'm hot. I don't like this dress. Why can't I go to Paris? How come you're so ugly? I'm so bored I could just die.

Emma Bovary  
France

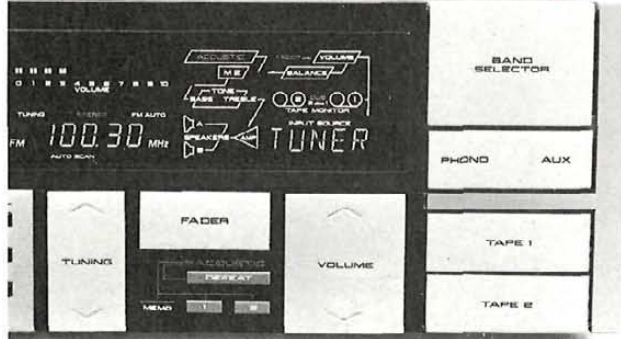
Sirs:

People from our planet have been able to visit Earth frequently, without detection. The reason is that everybody here looks exactly like a Greyhound bus, right down to the pictures of the dog on the side. Thanks to that remarkable luck, we've been able to land right in the middle of busy highways with no one the wiser. So if you're ever driving around and see a Greyhound bus with no passengers, it's probably us down for a visit.

The Greyhound Bus Aliens  
Galaxy U-34873645-Z

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

## AKAI CHANGES THE FACE OF AUDIO.



And the new AKAI AA-R42 receiver boldly lights the way.

With a fluorescent display screen that instantly monitors all functions.

With amazingly accurate, drift-free digital quartz synthesized tuning. Plus a hefty 60 watts per channel (RMS)\* and 20

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# AMERICA'S ENERGY IS MINDPOWER

It's vital to the renewal of our nation.

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and beyond, we can keep this  
country going and growing together.  
If we put our minds to it.

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Conclusive proof that a wag is nothing more than the involuntary motor movement of a canine.

## Professor Kennilworth Revisits the Joke

BY DAVE YUZO SPECTOR

**T**HE LAST TIME WE MET, I pointed out the reasons why jokes are not funny. My arguments were based on scientific and sociological data which beyond a shadow of a doubt proved the preposterousness of the joke's premise and consequent punch line. I thought my last lecture would be enough. I thought my carefully selected, fine-tuned examples would once and for all end the imbecilic practice of telling jokes in this country. Apparently, you people still haven't gotten the message, and I don't think that's funny. Despite my teachings, you still persist in spreading these boring jokes, knowing all the while they do not hold water under scrutiny. Now pay attention this time!

EXAMPLE 1: *Q: What do you name a dog with no hind legs?*  
*A: It doesn't matter, because he can't come if you call anyway.*

Both human and animal bodies can perform miraculous feats when de-

prived of normal resources. We've all heard stories of the woman who lifted up a fully loaded eighteen-wheel truck to release her child pinned underneath. Similarly, when deprived of a limb or sensory organ, the body can "make do" with what it's got. While it is pathetic to see a dog scraping its way inch by inch to a cruel owner who delights in tormenting his feeble pet by calling for him, it is nonetheless possible. As for how many times such a disabled canine would bother to crawl when called, that depends on the size of the reward, or its need of a steady vertical form for masturbatory purposes, in which case a dog has been known to waddle for more than a mile.

EXAMPLE 2: *To pass the time on a long flight, Pope John Paul II was working on a crossword puzzle. He leaned over to the archbishop and asked, "Begging your pardon, what would be a four-letter word for woman that ends in u-n-t?" The archbishop replied, "Why, that would be 'aunt,'" to which the pope asked, "Do you have an eraser?"*

Pope John Paul II's grasp of the English language is truly remarkable. However, an overseas call to papal spokesman Aldo Cannelloni proved that this joke, like all others, is baseless. Cannelloni asserted that the pope is "aletta fungalo" (scared shitless) of flying and would never be in a relaxed enough state to casually work on a crossword puzzle, or even, for that matter, nibble on airline breadsticks. The archbishop mentioned in the joke, Luigi Poggi, who is the pope's personal envoy on all missions outside the Vatican, always administers a mild sleeping medication to save the pope any undue stress. Poggi himself, one might argue, could pick up a crossword puzzle and perhaps make the same mistake, thereby rescuing this attempt at levity, but spokesman Cannelloni was adamant in pointing out that Poggi detests such trivial time-wasters, and instead busies himself with mastering Adam's Disappearing Coin Trick. To further negate the joke's believability, it is interesting to note that the only other occasion on which Pope John Paul II spoke disparagingly about a woman was at a Friars Club roast for Mother Teresa.

EXAMPLE 3: *Q: Why do babies' heads have a soft spot?*

*A: So nurses can carry five at a time.*

In infants, the two halves of the braincase are separated by a spongy sagittal suture enabling these halves to glide over one another to decrease the skull's overall width for an easier passage during birth, thus creating an open space, or "soft spot." When the halves return to their normal position after



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birth, the suture becomes fibrous in a matter of weeks. While carrying a number of newborns as suggested seems like a handy idea, it would never work, because the soft spot is located in a *random location* along the cranium. By the time a busy nurse could correctly position the heads of five babies so that each of the five fingers indented a corresponding soft spot, the babies would be too old to remain in the pediatric ward. Given this difficulty of positioning, three babies at the most might be transported in bowling-ball fashion, with a nine-to-one risk of dropping one or more on a hard linoleum floor, resulting in a lawsuit and a call for the custodian.

EXAMPLE 4: Q: *What are the first three words out of a Mexican child's mouth?*  
A: "Attention, K mart shoppers."

A fellow professor of mine, anthropologist Otto Nerfberger, found great humor in the above dialogue. I never liked Nerfberger. You see, the speech development of children, no matter what the race, follows a predetermined ability to formulate a strictly limited word capacity in accordance with age. The joke points out that this is the child's *first* words ever uttered from its burrito-breath mouth. Any speechologist will confirm that a youngster is able only to enunciate a single two-syllable word such as "Mama" or "Papa" at the time of initial vocalization. Only if it

takes the tot until the age of four to finally speak could a whole phrase be mastered. Good luck finding a Mexican family that would keep one of these *rejectas* around. So it should be easy to see, even for my colleague Professor Nerfberger, that it's improbable a child's first intelligent verbalization would consist of such a lengthy group of words. And in the interest of accuracy, the line should read "Attention, K mart chop-pers," anyway.

EXAMPLE 5: *Richard Simmons rushed into his doctor's office and pleaded, "Doc, you gotta help me! I'm pregnant!" The doctor inquired if Simmons knew who the father was. He replied, "Whaddya think, I got eyes in the back of my head?"*

As advanced as transsexual medicine has become, impregnation of the male still remains a dim and somewhat nauseating prospect. No matter how vaginal-like the sensations are in the transsexual's altered organ, his partner's ejaculate will find it has nowhere to go except to drip out onto the Marimekko sheets. If, for the sake of argument, a test-tube fetus conceived with his partner's sperm was surgically implanted in Simmons's belly, the life-sustaining functions found in the female would be absent, leaving the fetus to munch on the celebrity's partially digested foods, such as quiche and alfalfa sprouts. Tak-

ing the theory further, a fetus might mature, albeit haphazardly, with proper nutritional injections, and could be delivered after an abbreviated gestation period through the anal cavity. This would not be a happy baby.

EXAMPLE 6: *A lost Japanese World War II straggler returned from the Philippine jungle after thirty-eight years. Upon arriving at his village, he learned that his wife was shacking up with a Negro and a Jew. Shocked, he asked her if it was true, and she answered, "What mothahfuckah tell you that meshuggeneh story!?"*

Thirty-eight years is a long time to wait for a bony, half-crazed Imperial Army soldier to return home, regardless of how crafty he may have been in the ol' futon. It is more than understandable that the lonely wife may have kept company with other men, especially American men, as a sort of subconscious act of suffering through phallicism, showing her husband that she too is a victim of foreign invasion, although a more enjoyable variety. But here is where the facts of life throw a monkey wrench in the tale's credibility: Jews do not even live in small towns in the United States, let alone in Japan, where delis are hard enough to come by. It is ludicrous to assume a Jew would find any happiness in a village where the only noodles are six thousand miles from the closest rolled sphere of matzoh. The NAACP affirmed the validity of a black lover in such a situation "based only on the availability of radio-cassette players outside urban areas."

EXAMPLE 7: Q: *What do you call three lepers in a hot tub?*  
A: *Soup.*

The most dreaded of diseases, leprosy, is caused by the bacillus *Mycobacterium leprae*, often spread when released in enormous quantities from the noses and skin sores of patients. The intense cellular reaction extends widely, leading to loss of circulation, muscle power, and sense of pain; eroding ulcers; clawed hands and grossly deformed feet; and periodic detachment of toes and fingers. Lepers, not surprisingly, are constantly aware of their disfigurement, which explains the existence of isolated leper colonies. For a leper to call at a fashionable suburbanite's home, disrobe, and don revealing swimwear while nonchalantly holding a piña colada is unthinkable. Medical records indicate that the only known case of a leper attempting to socialize with nonlepers was at a Fourth of July party at a house in Marin County, California. The leper, covered with soft

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33)



"Well, well, Heffernan! Associate editor at Harper's... managing editor at the Atlantic... a nice stint with the Times Book Review... May I say how pleased we are to have you here at Oriental Wet Snatch Illustrated!"



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The best and the brightest, led by a dreamer named Toto, embark upon a sacred mission to Florida and eternal youth.

## On the Road with the Killer Bees

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

**M**ARCH 10. BELEM, BRAZIL. At the mouth of the Amazon River. There has been a lot of discussion among the bees about their route and why they are going up the Amazon River. Many wanted to follow the main highways, moving through northern Brazil up to Venezuela and on to Panama and Central America. But instead they are going westward along the Amazon and up through Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia to get to Panama.

The grumbling and arguing can be heard constantly, a pitched buzz, with a group circling around their leader, a bee called Toto. Toto's mind is made up. They will go across Brazil via the mighty Amazon and its tributaries. The lure of the Amazon has gotten its hold on Toto. Those who wish to leave can do so. Of course no one will leave. They are on a sacred mission.

The mission began on a plantation about two hundred miles west of Buenos Aires where royal bee jelly is produced and sold in its pure, generic

form to the giant cosmetic companies. Each company processes the jelly into its own secret formula and sells it to rich society matrons as a rejuvenating cream, a magical restorer of lost youth.

The ruling bee of the plantation is Her Royal Highness, Queen Fofi, who is Toto's mother. It is Queen Fofi who has sent Toto and his group on the mission. The queen has been growing old but refuses to accept the consequences. Ironically, her own jelly cannot help her. But she has heard stories about a legendary fountain somewhere in Florida, one sip of whose magical waters can restore her, give her eternal youth. She wants the water. Her word is law.

There was great surprise on the plantation when it was learned that the queen chose Toto to lead the expedition. Toto was as surprised as the rest. He was a young rascal, a playboy, a dreamer, still wet behind the ears and sporting a little bee fat. He expected one of his older, stronger brothers, Zon or Bagfa, to be chosen. But it turned out that the playboy's natural charm and high spirits would be more beneficial to the expedition than a taskmaster's stern discipline, that the rascal had imagination and daredevil courage, that the dreamer would turn his mother's command into a consuming obsession. She was right. He was the best choice.

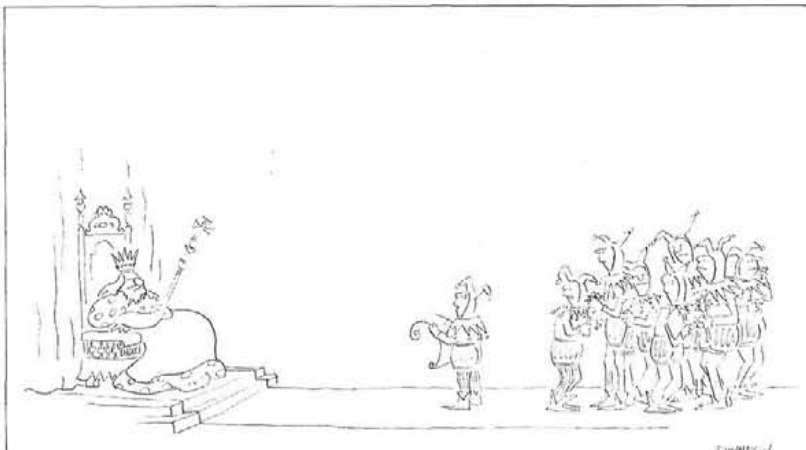
An army of the best and the brightest was recruited to accompany Toto. Their reward: some of the precious waters for themselves as well. It would be a long, grueling trip, thousands of miles over unfamiliar territory. From Argentina northward to Brazil, then west along the Amazon to Peru, Ecuador, and

Colombia, north to Panama and Central America, upward through Mexico to Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi, and finally east into Florida, in the area of St. Augustine, where they believed the legendary fountain to be.

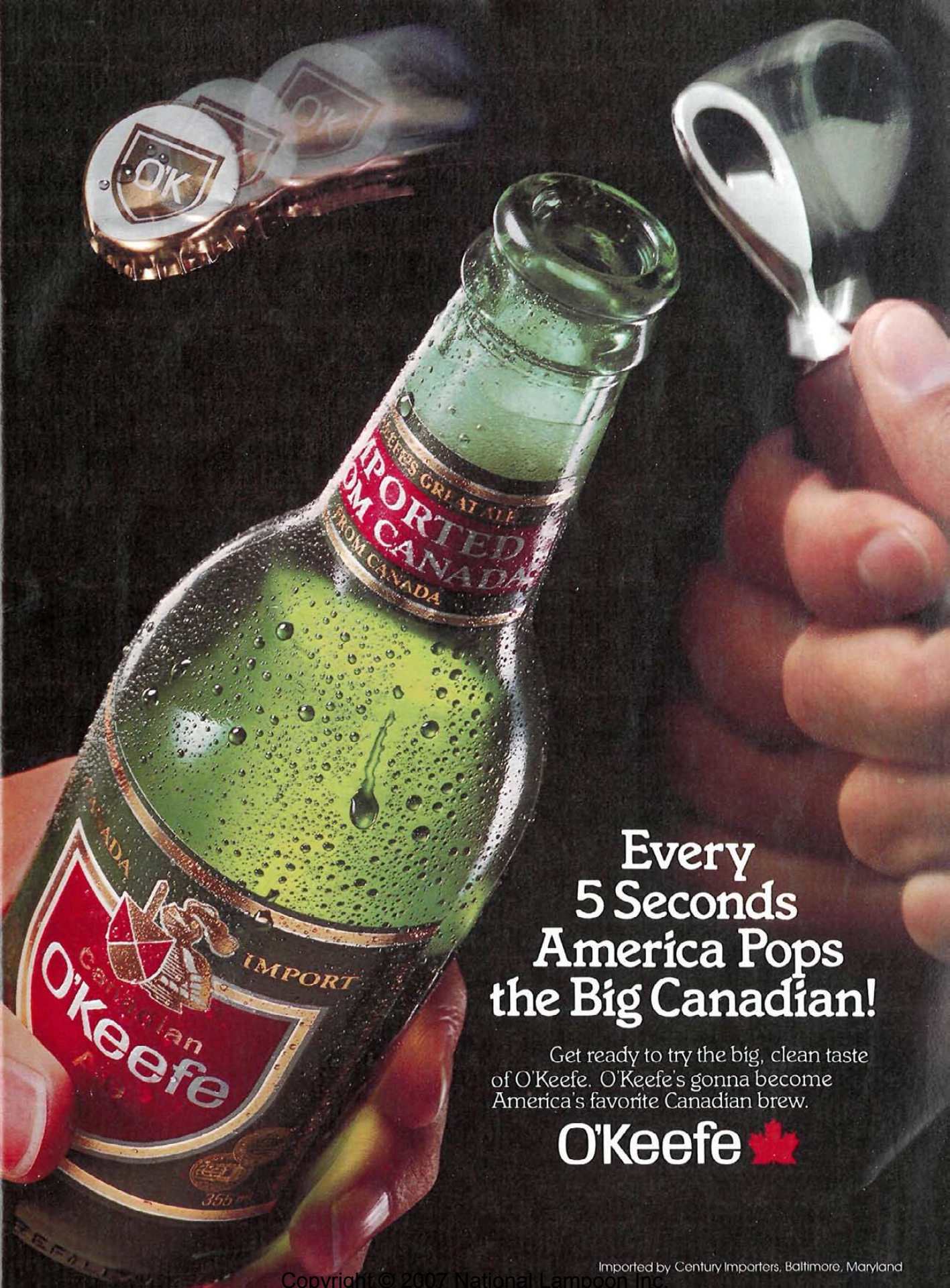
**MARCH 11. ABAETETUBA, ON THE Amazon.** Toto is explaining to me that the name "killer bees" is a misnomer, that their activities have been incorrectly reported and exaggerated and taken out of context. "We try to keep to ourselves whenever possible," he said. "But sometimes we take a wrong turn and end up in a bad place and we react badly. Like in Montevideo. We found ourselves in the middle of a soccer stadium during a big match. If you know anything about South American soccer games you know what kind of rowdies they attract. We were provoked. We had to fly through the crowd and get back on the road again. A few people get stung when you have to cut a path through human flesh.

"There were a few other incidents...a live sex show in Rio...don't ask me how we got there. We got lost again. We made a bit of a mess, but the press distorts it out of proportion. The thing to remember about being around bees is to be cool. Don't get hysterical and don't run away from us. You do that and it excites us. It's biological. We'll catch you and sting your brains out."

**MARCH 14. GURUPÁ, ON THE AMAZON.** "The crazy German has seen the bees. He must have them for his picture." It was the bartender of the shabby little café in the town square speaking. He



"The Commission on Humor has reached a conclusion, sire. Your Highness needs more of a sense of it."



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was referring to Werner Herzog, the film director. Herzog was back. First he made *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* here, then *Fitzcarraldo*, which took over six years of incredible hardship. And now he is back with another film about an obsessed millionaire, an industrialist and airplane manufacturer who wants to buy the entire Amazon River from Brazil and build a gigantic floating Las Vegas on it. Herzog vowed never to return, but as Toto has learned, the Amazon has a fatal attraction.

I had the feeling that something terrible was going to happen. The making of Herzog's films, especially the Amazonian ones, have been filled with incredible disasters.

They were shooting one of the final scenes of the film, where the mad, obsessed millionaire, played by Klaus Kinski, as usual, is exhorting thousands of Indian slaves to pull a Boeing 747 up a hill so that it can slide downward into the gentler part of the river. Kinski wants to use the 747 as a floating gambling casino and nightclub, the flagship club for his new city in the jungle.

The place is teeming with actors, Indians, the crew, tons of equipment. The 747 is nearly at the top of the hill as the Indians get ready to give it the final push. But Herzog has stopped everything to watch the bees. The bees are

flying in a very slow, dreamlike state, following the bends and turns of the river. They seem to be lazing around, just watching the action. I recognize Toto in the front. I can sense that they are just trying to mind their own business, but it is the perfect setup for tragedy, the way one slight sound can set off a cattle stampede.

Herzog keeps signaling the bees. He wants them to be in his movie. He's decided to redo the ending with a new scene built around the bees. Herzog is fearless. He approaches the bees and outlines the entire story of his movie to Toto and explains why his new final scene is so important. Herzog is notorious for sudden twists and improvisations in his filming. Toto listens quietly. He's interested in the story and the ideas. Herzog is exultant. He announces to the crew and to Klaus Kinski that a new scene will be shot.

Herzog then outlines the idea to Kinski. He wants Kinski to be attacked by the bees at the moment of his triumph, as the 747 is raised to the top of the hill. Instead of his living to see his precious gambling casino, the bees will attack him and eat him alive, turning his body into a mass of hives and great bulbous welts the size of tennis balls. Of course the real bees will be diverted at the last moment, and camera tricks and

makeup will be used for the actual stinging. But the opportunity to use real bees for the scene cannot be lost. It is the perfect ending, an incredible scene. "The bees are a metaphor for postwar Germany," says Herzog. "Like the Germans who came out of the ashes of the war, relentless killers who would sting anyone in their path as they buzzed their way to economic recovery and riches."

Kinski sees the bees and says no. Herzog insists. Kinski screams hysterically. He will kill Herzog if the bees come his way. But it's too late. The screams provoke the bees, and they go right for Kinski. Kinski is paralyzed with terror. The bees fly directly at him, and then, by what seems like divine decree, they swerve around him in perfect formation, as if he were a tree. Thousands of bees in a whirling, buzzing formation are flying within a millimeter of Kinski, who is standing in mortal terror, sweat pouring down his face. And the canny Herzog has the camera rolling all the while. As the last bee flies off Kinski falls to the ground, weeps unashamedly, and keels over, unconscious.

A doctor rushes over and says that Kinski is in a state of advanced shock and may have suffered a heart attack. He is taken to the local hospital, where his condition is diagnosed as temporarily delirious but not fatal. It is also discovered that he is violently allergic to bee stings. One bite and he would have died. Herzog is fatalistic throughout. "I didn't believe Klaus when he was screaming at me about his bee allergy," said Herzog. "He's an actor. Who believes actors? Of course it would have been terrible to lose Klaus, but we didn't lose him, and I got the scene I wanted. Great art does not come easy."

I caught up with Toto and asked him about Kinski's hysterical outburst. "Sure, he provoked us. But I gave an order countering our original impulse to bite his brains out. So we swerved around him. We can do a lot of trick flying...make him nervous, if you know what I mean."

It seems that Toto's motives for not killing Kinski were not all altruistic. I learned that part of Herzog's conversation with the bees was about doing a new film with them. Herzog and Toto had an instant rapport. "We are like brothers," said Toto. "We think alike. We have the same kind of obsessions. Herzog wants us to be the stars of his next film. He wants to follow us all the way to Florida and film our journey. We haven't worked out the details yet, but I think we have a step deal." ■

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# LETTERS

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)

Sirs:

I am a Hispanic gentleman who years ago acquired an unusual nickname because of my habit of dipping my unit into my morning cup of coffee. My question to you is: Do you think I could become the editor of a national humor magazine?

El Penis Dunkitt  
Cerv City, U.S.A.

Sirs:

Why do they keep that stupid Dan Rather on CBS? I've stopped watching their news because the guy never cracks a joke, or compliments one of the reporters on his new tie, or runs a feature on his mother's birthday party. I'm sticking to my local station.

Richard Gretch  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I finally figured out a way to get Poland out of all its difficulties. All the Polish people have to do is stop calling themselves "Poles" and instead henceforth refer to themselves as "Negroes."

That way the Russians won't want to have anything to do with us and will finally leave us alone, while the U.S. government will never be able to give us too much aid in the form of food stamps and welfare and affirmative-action programs and minority business loans. Pretty smart for a stupid Polack—uh, better make that "dumb nigger"—eh? As I figure it, this is even better than my Solidarity idea. That was a failure, and would only have let us work slightly shorter hours, while, the way I understand it, being Negroes will mean that we don't have to work *at all*.

Lech "Leroy" Walesa  
The Warsaw Ghetto

Sirs:

"A man, a plan, a canal—Panama" is thought to be one of the longest palindromes ever devised. It has taken me years, but I have finally come up with one that is even longer. It goes like this: "A foof, a man, a plan, a canal—Panama foofa!" Would whoever is in charge of buying these sorts of things please get in touch with me as soon as possible? Thanks.

Bob P Bob  
Elliville, Ohio

Sirs:

Lots of people like talking about giving old folks work, but here in New Milford we're doing something about it. We hired thirty senior citizens to work as pin sweeps in the local bowling alley. They don't complain much, and rarely erase someone's frame by mistake.

Bob Greasy  
New Milford, Conn.

Sirs:

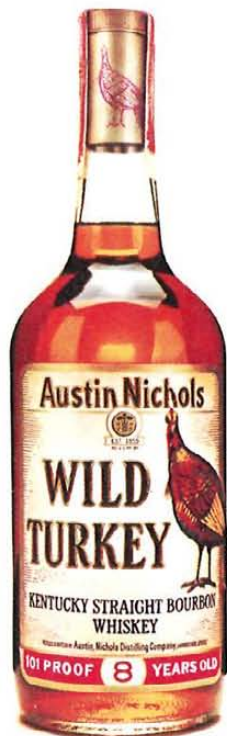
This joint really rots, you know? I was trying to think, you know, in my head, like, what's happening and junk? And you know, it's really weird, when you think about it, in your head, like, what this whole shmear is about and like that. I mean, don't get all hyper about it, but most of the doofuses here really rot. Anyway, that's what I think, in my head, you know?

A Junior Nazi  
Reagan Country, USA

Sirs:

The label fell off my red crayon. Now how am I supposed to know what color it is?

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Sirs:

Oh, we had a great time. First off, we rode the BMT from Brooklyn into Manhattan and got off at Times Square, where we had a couple of hot dogs and a few sodas. Then we took the deadly AA right into Harlem, and the little lady took out a couple of muggers—broke their feet and left them crying, I like to say. Got on the number four over by Yankee Stadium, and rammed that mother right back home to Brooklyn.

All in all, it was one hell of a honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Sliwa  
*New York, N. Y.*

Sirs:

If you have white wine when you eat fish and red wine when you eat meat, what do you drink when you eat pussy? *Pink champagne, get it? Ha ha ha ha ha ha!*

Larry Flynt  
*One-Foot-in-the-Grave, Calif.*

Sirs:

There is something I think everybody should know about those 3-D glasses they give you to wear at 3-D movies. Though these glasses do make a two-

dimensional image—like that in a movie—appear to be three-dimensional, they do *not* allow you to see the normal world of three dimensions in four. I should know: I discovered this the hard way only after wearing 3-D glasses continuously for six years while I was trying to come up with a unified field theory in the hope that the glasses would help me to understand the secrets of the higher dimensions. Not only did the glasses do nothing for me with respect to my researches, but they also made it impossible for me to match the colors of my socks when I got dressed in the morning, so that finally out of sheer frustration I stopped wearing them, and then people made fun of me. So I didn't come up with the equations for the unified field, and now I'm dead. What a pisser!

Albert Einstein  
*Trinitron Heaven*

Sirs:

I asked Bil Keane to take over my strip, but he was already busy drawing "Family Circus." I figured if I couldn't get the best, fuck it.

Garry Trudeau  
*New Haven, Conn.*

Sirs:

Here's a little song I just wrote, entitled "Hey, Negroes."

*Ha ha, Negroes  
Ha ha, Negroes  
Ha ha, Negroes  
I'm a doctor now.*

Allan Bakke, M.D.  
*Mount Sinai, New York*

Sirs:

There's a young gay in my clinic with a genuine Gallé vase stuck up his ass, and I don't know what to do. If it were just an old Saint Bernard or something, easy, out comes the knife, off goes the intransigent object. But a Gallé? Not only is it rare and extremely valuable. It's fragile as an eggshell; and if I so much as chip a corner off, I'll be hauled before a review board, my wife will never speak to me again, and I'll have to go into law. On the other hand, if I diagnose a burst appendix, flay him open like a split duck, and go in from the abdominal cavity, there's just a chance of saving the Gallé. Damn, I wonder if this is contrary to the Oath.

Dr. Marvin Bellicose, M.D.  
*Baltimore, Md.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 71)



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# *The Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Literature (Part 6)*

BY SEAN KELLY, TED MANN,  
AND BRIAN SHEIN

**F**AITHFUL READERS, IT AP-  
pears that one must needs get  
up pretty early in the solstice  
in order to put one over on  
you. Almost a dozen telegrams  
have appeared in our offices in  
recent weeks, each noting that  
last month's Bombardier Skiddoo  
Guide to Canadian Literature (Part 5)  
contained nary a mention of any literary  
light whose name started with a letter  
other than A through G, inclusive. Several  
of those missives also observed that  
the words "To Be Continued" were in-  
cluded at the end of last month's column.

Here, then, are the H's, some M's, and  
everybody in between. While our crack

research staff prepares the remainder of  
the alphabet for next month's install-  
ment, we remind you that entries are  
awarded one, two, three, or four  
"skiddoos" on the basis of their literary  
merit as filtered through the Canadian  
macro/microcosmic experience. As to  
just what that experience is, well, if you  
have to ask, you can't afford it.

**Haliburton, Thomas Chandler**  
(1796–1865) Hemingway was wont to  
observe, "All American literature begins  
with a book called *Huckleberry Finn*,  
by Mark Twain." Well then, all Cana-  
dian literature begins with a book by  
Tom Haliburton called *The Clock-*

*maker!* (Does that tell you something?)

In Haliburton's satiric "first Canadian  
novel," Sam Slick, the Yankee tinker  
from Slicksville, is devastatingly ex-  
posed as clever and rich—but morally  
inferior to his Canadian customers, set-  
ting a tone, theme, and level of sophis-  
tication for two centuries of Can. Lit.

Author Haliburton later took his la-  
conic style to the bench of the Supreme  
Court of Nova Scotia, from which he  
handed down a notable series of home-  
spun cracker-barrel death sentences.

In 1856, a bachelor still, he journeyed  
to England, there to spend the remain-  
der of his sexually active life, sitting  
(when such an activity was not too  
painful) in the Commons. 🐾🐾

**Hémon, Louis (1880–1913)** Hémon was  
the author of the only novel about  
French Canada any Anglo has ever  
heard of, much less read: a lusty, brawling  
saga of the gutsy, earthy *habitant*  
lifestyle, personified by its gutsy, lusty,  
earthy, brawling, and eponymous hero-  
ine, *Maria Chapdelaine*. The book was  
published, to great acclaim, four years  
after Hémon's arrival in Quebec from  
his native France—by which time  
Hémon himself had moved to Ontario  
and been run over by a train. 🐾🐾

**Horsemen, The Four (1970– )** This  
swinging sound-poetry combo—featur-  
ing bpNichol doing vocables, Steve  
McCaffery on tenor squawks, Raffael  
Barreto-Rivera on glottal stop, and Paul  
Dutton on endless drone—has done  
much to hep the Canadian scene to 1916  
Zurich Dada. Despite rumors of heavy  
morphine use, the boys have pressed  
several platters based on their liner  
notes. Unlike the biblical war, famine,  
pestilence, and death, these horsemen  
of the northern apocalypse find that  
impersonating loudness, enthusiasm,  
modernity, and frivolity is enough to  
give teachers' convention audiences a  
wicked thrill. 🐾🐾

**Johnson, Pauline (1862–1913)** How oft  
have her quatrains spoil the rustic evens  
of those bivouack'd by north'n lakes,  
chanted desprate and shrill by canoeing  
clusters of abandon'd teenagers (to tra-  
ditional Scots-Irish airs)?

Yet, as frightened loons flee her in  
these days, once did they flock to her,  
admiring of her fringed leather vest and  
stolid lyricist's gaze! And she was un-  
derstood by all to be (not to put too fine  
an arrowhead on it) a credit to her  
people. (See also *Owl Gray*.)

Her work, though it has greater ap-  
peal before people actually hear it, has  
remained sufficiently popular that a  
brand of chocolates proudly bears her

# Product Bargain Bonanza!



● **National Lampoon's Peekers and Other True Facts** The latest special edition off the *Nat Lamp* presses. All of this stuff actually happened, although the book hasn't been notarized. (BO-1038) \$2.95

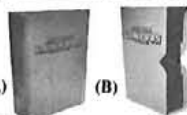
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● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 7 1975-1976 Anthology** (BO-1014) \$2.50

● **The Best of National Lampoon No. 8 1976-1977 Anthology** (BO-1025) \$3.95

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● (B) *National Lampoon* library case binder

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● **National Lampoon Case Binder (B)** (CB-1001) \$5.95 each.

● **National Lampoon 12 issues in binder**  
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1979 (BN-1007) (A) (B) \$20.00, 1980 (BN-1008) (A) (B) \$20.00, 1981 (BN-1009) (A) (B) \$20.00  
1982 (BN-1010) (A) (B) \$20.00



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● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Volume II** The sequel is even better. (BO-1035) \$4.95

● **National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology Deluxe Edition** Hardbound collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. (BO-1032) \$19.95

● **National Lampoon Foto Funnies** Including Foto Funnies, Foto Fumettis, Photorama Picture News, and pictures of girls with their shirts off! (BO-1034) \$2.95

THAT'S SICK!



THAT'S NOT FUNNY!

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name. And the sale of these confections is exceeded only by those named after Ms. Laura Secord. (See *Farmer, Fannie*.)

**Lampman, Archibald (1861-1899)** Let other nations brag about their postwar, post-Romantic, or postmodern poets; Archy Lampman of Canada was the first post-office poet, employed as he was by that federal department from 1883 until his well-earned cancellation. A man of letters, indeed!

As might be expected, his work bore a unique stamp, and sealed his reputation as first-class. Say what you will, Lampman always delivered, in spite of the snarling critics loose in the front yards of Can. Lit.

His unpublished works, misaddressed to posterity, were edited by his fellow civil servant, Duncan Campbell Scott (whom see).

To the end, Lampman was fond of walks.

**Leacock, Stephen (1869-1944)** The shrewd Dr. Leacock never gave up his day job as a professor of economics; in this, as in the prudish funk that underlies his outlook, he was prototypically Canadian.

He remains a favorite with Canadian English teachers (now called Language teachers), who are obliged by federal statute to introduce an element of "humor" into their classes.

Ignoring the worth and weight of his lighthearted instruction, his countrymen still ruefully buy American editions of his books in paperback, while bemoaning the fate of his royalties.

Had Stephen Leacock lived until the present day, he would have been extremely old, and no doubt his eyebrows would have exceeded even those of Mark Twain with respect to bushiness, depth, and breadth. Death, however unwelcome to Leacock personally, spared his disciples these odious comparisons.

He is not to be held responsible for the Mariposa Folk Festival, which he would have despised, nor the annual Leacock Humor Award, which he might have won.

**McCrae, John (1872-1918)** A Canadian footsoldier who foresaw his death (see also *Cohen, Leonard*), McCrae is, sort of, Canada's Rupert Brooke, except that he was probably heterosexual. McCrae, that is.

His morbid exercise in an obscure medieval verse form, *In Flanders Fields*, contained many a hidden drug reference ("poppies," "blow," etc.), which made for a brief period of intense popu-

larity at Toronto's "hip" Rochdale University, until the heat really came down, man. With students and faculty alike it was a matter of faith that had John McCrae not been shot by brutal Huns during the Great War, he would have met a similar fate at the hands of "pigs," "bulls," or other native Ontario barnyard animals.

**MacLennan, Hugh (1907-ad infinitum)** "Hughmick" holds the enviable record for continuously intoxicated appearances on Canadian television, his tears, when in this state, being attributed to the great man's sorrow at never having achieved either fame or friends outside Canada.

Known to intimates as "the Mild Colonial Boy," he functions, upon paid occasion, as a critic of his homeland's literature, in which he continues to take a benign, myopic, avuncular interest.

Late in life, while on vacation in Quebec, he became aware of a "Second Solitude," or "French!"

He is presently interred at McGill University. (Office hours Monday and Wednesday after 3:00 P.M.)

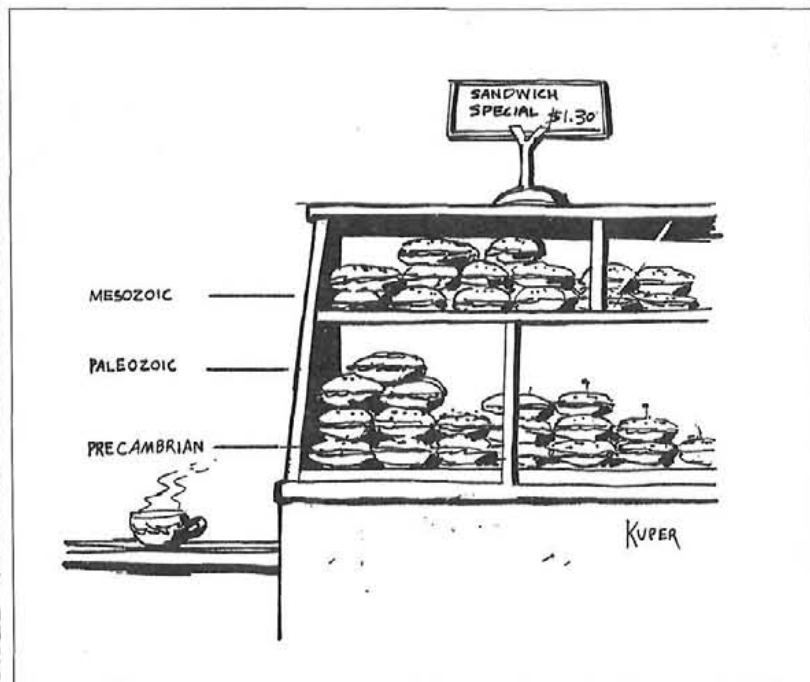
**McPherson, Jay (1931- )** Jay read all there was to read of Jung (see *Type, Archie*) and heard all there was to hear from Northrop Frye (see *Dome, Double*), and then set her teeth, terrier-like, into the arse of William Blake. It was her resolve to transmogrify all his works and pomps into verse.

Like many another Canadian poetess who has never been sexed, she chose sex

as her special topic. Her lyrics, such of them as are scrutable, suggest that she might have been one of the few select females who might actually have benefited from the caresses of Irving Layton (whom see).

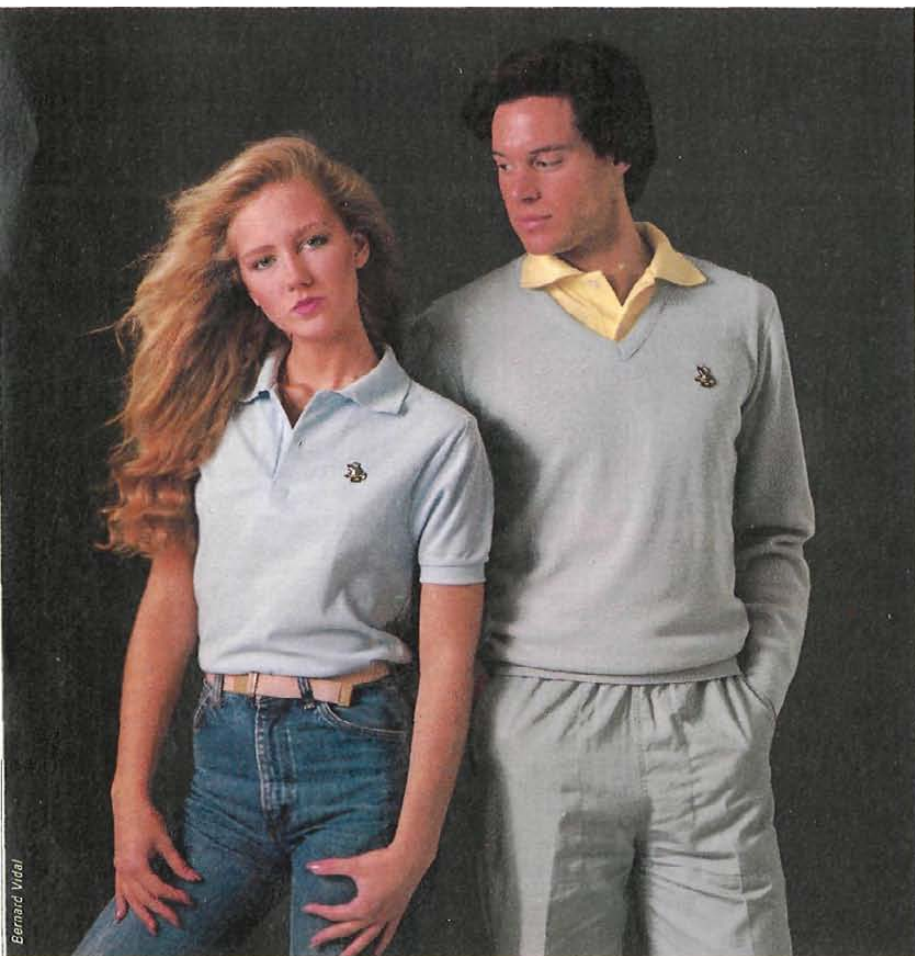
**Montgomery, Lucy Maud (1874-1942)** Each summer Japanese tourists, fascinated by a culture even more polite than their own, flock to Prince Edward Island to perform short jerky bows at the birthplace of Lucy Maud Montgomery, author of *Anne of Green Gables* and their favorite foreign writer. The novel's heroine, a daringly redheaded young hellion, has already warmed generations of Canadian hearts to several degrees above zero with such rowdy escapades as substituting baking soda for flour (by mistake, of course!) in a cake for the local minister. Herself the wife of a Presbyterian minister, Montgomery balanced a life of Sunday school pageants, scone bakes, and theological distinctions between Scottish Mac- and Mc- prefixes with a prodigious literary output on the same subjects, while her husband, who suffered from bouts of acute predestination, could often be found swaying on the porch hammock, chanting old Calvinist lauds. The author of this entry can claim some connection to this tameness of Canadian letters, having spent the first year of his life in the manse previously vacated by the Montgomerys. The experience made no impression on him whatsoever.

TO BE CONTINUED



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Sam Gross

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# Time of the Month

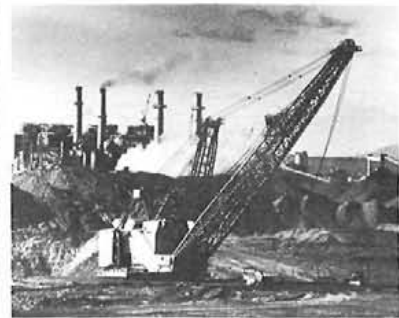
MAY EDITION

## Watt Declares Pittsburgh National Park



SECRETARY OF THE Interior James Watt has announced that he is declaring the city of Pittsburgh a national park. His move was immediately hailed by President Reagan and major corporate leaders.

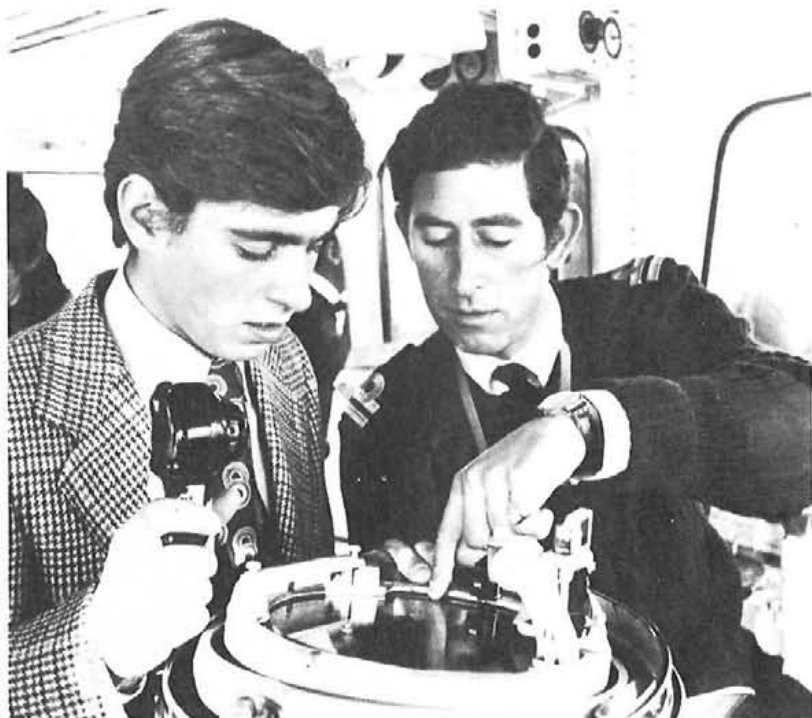
Watt made his announcement at a special press conference. "I'm doing this," he explained, "because I believe that not enough Americans appreciate the true outdoor beauty of modern industry. We talk about the magnificence of the tall redwoods, yet we ignore the



Once an untouched abandoned steel yard until greedy developers scraped it away. They plan to turn it into something else.

majesty of chimneys that rise even higher into the heavens. We talk about the splendor of a mountain lake, yet we ignore the beauty of sparkling vats full of chemicals. We admire the craggy shapes of mountains, yet we overlook the vista of an equally craggy pile of coal. We applaud the delicate canter of a deer scampering up a hillside, but we're blind to the grace of a worker

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)



## British Royal Brothers Laud New Fifty-Million-Dollar Long-range Vagina Compass

"SUPPOSE WE ARE HERE," PRINCE Charles hypothesizes with his brother Prince Andrew. "We adjust the outer ring to our coordinates; then, by merely scanning the area with the transponder in Andrew's hand, the exact direction of the nearest available vagina will read out on our screen." Research for the compass was suggested by a "Sex-Ray Love Gun" built by Charles and Andrew when they were children. "We took an old block of wood," Andrew explains, "and put bent nails all over it, which we could turn to a variety of settings such as 'Teats Beam,' 'Big Teats Beam,' 'Ferociously Big Teats Beam,' and so on." Andrew reportedly dis-

cussed the feasibility of such a device several years ago with scientists from the Royal Navy, who were impressed by the prince's enthusiasm and persistence. "It's been a long road," Charles adds, "but, being fond of the rapid meat-ramming as we are, damn well worth it." ■

### Murphy's Law

ASKED ABOUT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN his own brand of comedy and that of Richard Pryor, jokester Eddie Murphy had this to say: "Fuck him, the decrepit old motherfucker. I'm a fucking millionaire." ■

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

climbing up the gently curving stairs of a fuel storage tank. We weep with pleasure upon seeing a sunset over the ocean, yet we close our eyes to the glow of a crucible of molten lead over an infinite expanse of molds. And we're filled with profound emotion at the spectacle of gray thunderclouds approaching on a distant horizon, yet we won't let the poet in us respond to a moody burst of yellow sulfurous rain."

Watt went on to call his action "an important historic step in preserving our great industrial scenery. For example, because the city will now enjoy full national park protection, unscrupulous developers won't be able to come in and randomly clear away a parts warehouse, or chop down wooden holding tanks for timber, or put up quickie housing where there once was a landmark abandoned factory." ■

# Reagan Cracks Down on Foreign-Aid Cheats



PRESIDENT REAGAN has ordered an investigation by the State Department into what he believes to be blatant and widespread foreign-aid fraud. According to Reagan, some countries are receiving U.S. aid under a variety of aliases, and checks are being sent to countries that ceased to exist centuries ago or never existed at all but that apparently still operate out of post-office boxes and phone booths. An example is given of

one country in Africa that has been receiving U.S. aid under at least 150 names (including Mgnubya, Mngbuya, Mgnbyua, and dozens of similar variations) for at least twenty years. "All the citizens in this place wear mink coats constantly and drive air-conditioned Cadillacs," Reagan says. "And although entirely landlocked, this place owns hundreds of aircraft carriers and battle-ships." One solution, reportedly under consideration, is to give 159 Negro families in the U.S. power of attorney for each of the world's 159 recognized nations, and then issue the checks to the Negroes. That way officials can police the program more readily, surprising the Negroes with unannounced visits to their apartments, putting liens on their cars, and generally keeping tighter control than possible when checks have to be sent all over the planet. ■

## Latest Opinion-Poll Results

by Ted "Stop This Madness At Once" Mann

Our random sampling of ten thousand Americans indicates:

**97%**

do not want another Hiroshima.

**90%**

do not want another Nagasaki.

**99%**

do not believe a nuclear exchange with the Soviet Union is in the United States' best interests.

**95%**

believe nuclear weapons should be limited, abolished, and destroyed.

**97%**

believe that a limited tactical engagement in the European theater would be bad.

**98%**

would ban war altogether.

**99%**

believe that firemen cannot be killed and never die.

**97%**

think E.T. was "based on real events."

**99%**

would like their children to marry Smurfs.

## "Old Anthem Sucks" Contest Winner

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, OFTEN criticized for glorifying violence and being hard to sing, has been officially replaced by a new anthem picked from forty thousand entries in the "Old Anthem Sucks" contest, sponsored by Gem Music. The new anthem, primarily Jamaican in flavor, is reprinted here in its entirety:

### Slave Child Don't Fear

Be de slave children, fe mash de bad voice down

Billy Bang, Billy Bang Bang Bang

Pass de nation, dem de man come here

Pass de nation, dem de man come here

Yeah man, what's dat hypocrite yawning about?

Misunderstood generation

Ugly rumor, runaway inflation

Turn de youth head around, Billy Bang

Billy Billy Bang

© 1983 RastaWood Music ■

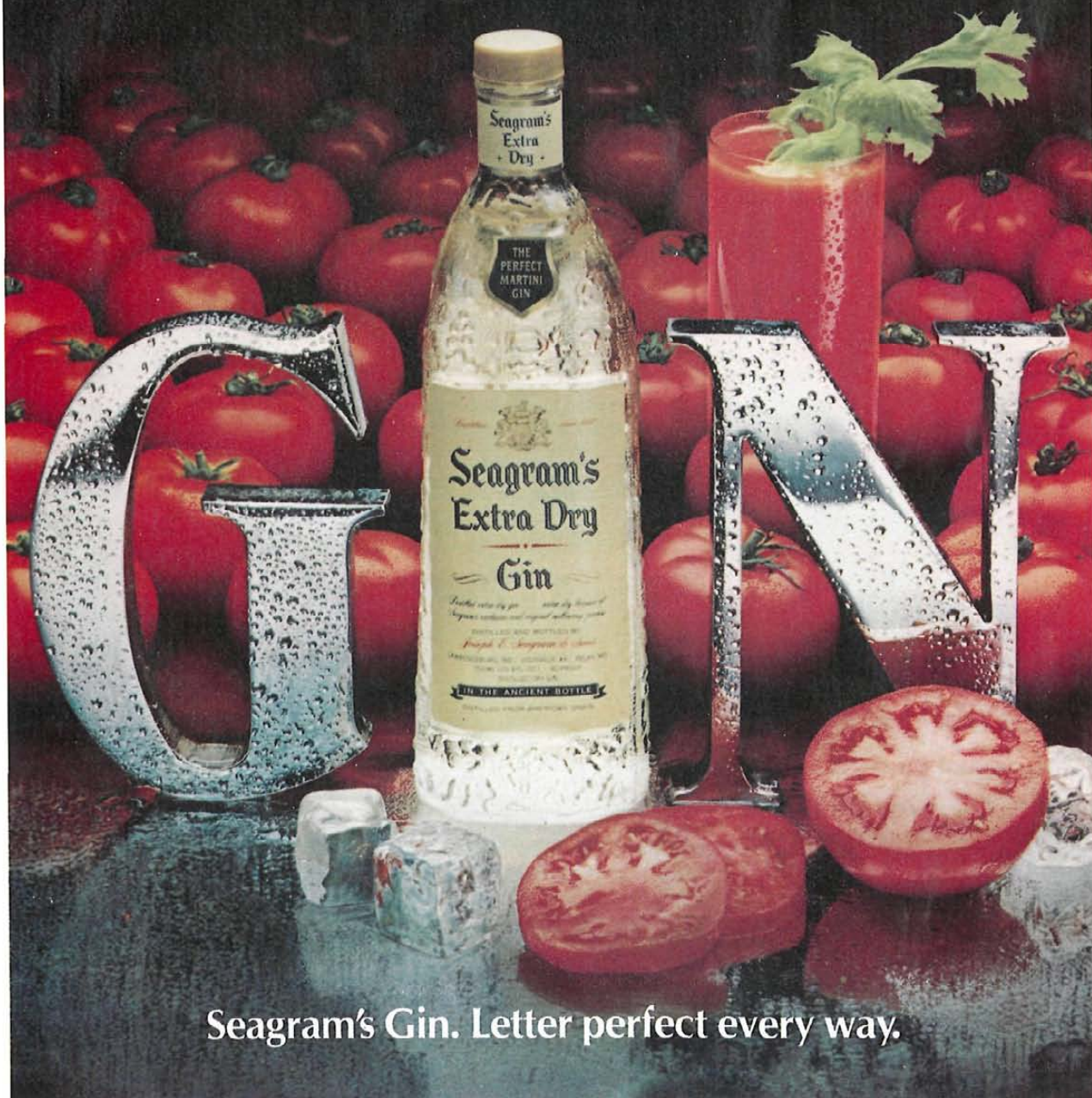
## Time of the Month

EDITOR:  
Tod Carroll

CONTRIBUTORS:  
Tod Carroll, Kevin Curran,  
Glenn Eichler, Mat Jacobs,  
Ted Mann, David Sahlin,  
Ed Subitzky

# SURPRISE A TOMATO.

In your next Bloody Mary try something different.  
Seagram's Gin instead of vodka. You (and your tomato) will love  
the smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin.  
Just remember, when you leave out the vodka, leave room for moderation.



Seagram's Gin. Letter perfect every way.

# Fred Silverman Announces New Programming Service for Individuals

DECLARING THAT "AN INTERESTING life requires a carefully balanced mixture of comedy, drama, adventure, deep love, and solvable problems," Fred Silverman has announced the establishment of a new kind of programming service—one that programs individual people's lives.

"The way it works is simple," Silverman explained at a press conference. "For example, you might go to work Monday morning and someone will come at you out of the blue and throw a pie in your face. A few days later, you might be held hostage in a grocery-store robbery. And a day or two after that, you might meet a beautiful woman who falls madly in love with you but explains in a tearful, bittersweet moment that she's got to leave you to embark on a journey of self-discovery."

The professionals who actually contact you, according to Silverman, will

do is give us a rough schedule of your activities, and we'll take care of the rest."

Silverman reports that his clients have been very pleased with the results, enjoying significant increases in their ratings among friends and associates. For example, one lackluster insurance agent who had a companionship rating of

only three points—that is, only 3 percent of the people in town were his friends—enjoyed a jump to sixteen in their most recent sweeps. "People are anxious to be around him now," says Silverman, "because they get hooked on the story lines and can't wait to see what's going to happen next." ■



**Anonymous client and a moment of real-life comedy.**

consist "mostly of out-of-work actors who'll come into your life at moments predetermined for pacing and dramatic value. We'll also be hiring some real-life individuals who could use a little extra money, such as ex-police officers, down-and-out prizefighters, has-been nightclub singers, and so on. All you have to

## Simon Admits To Collaborators

FOLLOWING ALLEGATIONS THAT author Jerzy Kosinski uses collaborators to help him with his novels, playwright Neil Simon has come forward with his own confession. "I use retards," admits the dapper comedy writer. ■



**Mr. T Bill, issued by the Department of Labor to attract funds formerly spent by the public to see Mr. T. Yield is at prevailing Treasury rates.**

## Federal Unemployment Funds Frozen Until Public Stops Paying Money to See Mr. T

SECRETARY OF LABOR RAYMOND J. Donovan has announced that all federal unemployment aid will be cut off until notice is received from Congress certifying that no Americans are paying money to see Mr. T in theaters or buying products that are advertised on his television program. "With nearly fifteen million unemployed Americans struggling to survive," Donovan stated, "it seems unfair to ask Washington to support them while others who could afford to help are instead paying out money to see a subhuman bouncer who affects to regulate his growling, bestial pouncings by some ridiculous code of life having to do with individual liberty and a lot of other sophisticated concepts one is expected to believe have sprung from a brain trimmed with a Mohawk and dangling feathers." ■



**To assure ongoing compliance, recipients of unemployment checks will be required to give this qualified endorsement.**



# Alive with pleasure! Newport

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*After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

BOX: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; KINGS: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;  
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—A highly placed source

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Starring CHEVY CHASE

**What a trip!**

At theaters  
throughout the U.S. and Canada  
this summer

# Dr. Christiaan Barnard Announces World's First Total Body Transplant



Barnard, with a model of connected organs to be transplanted, explains procedure at a press conference.

**T**HE WHOLE IDEA CREEPT INTO medicine modestly, with small achievements like cornea and skin transplants. Then larger organs such as the kidney were successfully transplanted. Now one of the world's foremost transplant surgeons, Dr. Christiaan Barnard, who several years ago astounded medicine with the world's first heart transplant, has announced what may be the ultimate breakthrough: the successful completion of a total body transplant.

"I figured," said Barnard at a press conference, "what's the point, really, in transplanting just a single organ. We have to face it—as the body gets older, everything pretty much goes to rot. So I decided that the next time I was going to dare to transplant it all—heart, lungs, stomach, liver, legs, arms, brain—you name it. I received official permission to attempt the procedure, and then came the agonizing wait for the right patient and the right donor."

Barnard got his chance when he was called to the bedside of Timothy Vespern, a wealthy, aging industrialist who was in a deep coma. Says Barnard, "By the time I saw him, just about all his organs had degenerated to non-functional levels, and a total body transplant was the only hope. I knew he didn't have more than an hour or two, but fortunately, I had already compiled a list of interested donors, and I contacted one immediately."

The donor turned out to be a young

man named Anthony Ricoli. Recalls Barnard, "He couldn't have been more ideal. He was twenty-five years old, and a perfect specimen of health. I examined him thoroughly, and because all his parts were working so well to begin with, I decided, as expected, that there was no need to transplant them one by one. After all, they were already hooked together properly, so I just took the already functioning interconnected organ package into the intensive care unit where the recipient was being kept. Then I rolled the recipient's old body out of the bed and transplanted the new, healthy body in its place. The entire procedure took only seconds, and didn't even require use of an anesthetic."

A big advantage of total body transplants, according to Barnard, is that, "because the transplanted body is healthy to begin with, it can leave the hospital right away." The recipient's wife was especially delighted with the results. Grinning, she told reporters, "My husband has never been so energetic. Before the transplant, he could hardly lift a thing. Now he mows the lawn, cooks dinner, is a real Romeo in the boudoir, and has energy left over to play a mean game of tennis. I also like his blue eyes much better—before the transplant, my husband had brown eyes—and I just love the squarish shape of his jaw. In fact, there really isn't a part that I don't prefer to the old one."

Nor does the donor have any regrets about his part in the procedure. "Why," he said, "before they transplanted me I didn't have a wife, a job, or any money at all. Now I'm living quite the good life, and I even get a chance to drive a Mercedes."

## Tire Tips

ACCORDING TO THE AMERICAN Tire Manufacturers Association, the best way to check your tires for tread wear is as follows: Place the sharp end of an awl against the tire area showing the most wear. Tap the awl gently but firmly with a hammer three or four hundred times. If you hear the sound of air escaping, it's time to buy four new tires.

## Professor Kennilworth

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)  
 nodules and discharging sores over three-quarters of his body, was told by the host, "You'll have to leave, you're depressing the crowd!"

EXAMPLE 8: Q: How do black parents keep their kids from jumping up and down on the bed?

A: They put Velcro on the ceiling.

A nonpolluted head of Negroid hair would indeed adhere to a Velcro-padded ceiling, thanks to the curved follicles in the scalp, which impart a strong spiral twist to the bristlelike hair. A weight of up to seventy pounds could be supported in such a manner for a period of at least 180 minutes. Yet this joke's premise remains an impossibility, and here's why: The time when this disciplinary measure would have worked unfortunately predates the advent of Velcro in 1971. With the disco seventies came a new look in black hairstyles, or "do's": slick, springlike locks artificially enhanced with an assortment of petroleum-based pomades, luster sprays, coconut oils, sunflower oils, butter formulas, and other fragranced grease by-products. This resulted in the current 66 percent oil-consistency property in Negroid capillaries, which is explained as sixty-six milli-parts of oil compared to a remaining thirty-four milli-parts of other non-hair-related matter found per square inch of scalp area. This compares poorly with the 11 percent rate found in non-Negroid hair, except in certain parts of New Jersey. Thus, because the Velcro system relies on non-slip contact between the two materials, the present-day grooming practices of Negroid hair prevent its feasibility. One might question the validity of this argument in that the children in the joke are too young to dabble in personal hair-styling, and would therefore leave their heads unoiled. However, the Do-Rite Comb & Pick Company of Pontiac, Michigan, shows in its research that children who are too young to either purchase or shoplift hair-care products themselves use the combs and brushes of their older siblings, all of which contain considerable amounts of transferable oil residue. Any attempt at this aerial suspension would result in a terrible accident and, more importantly, mean a decrease of \$102.19 in weekly welfare allotments.

IN OUR NEXT INSTALLMENT, I WILL demonstrate why advertising slogans are illogical and ultimately a bore. Included will be "The Gum That Goes Squirt" and "We Do Chicken Right!" ■

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- DECEMBER 1979/Success
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- JULY 1980/Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980/Anxiety
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- JULY 1981/Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981/Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981/Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981/Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981/TV
- DECEMBER 1981/What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982/Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982/The Sexy Issue
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- MAY 1982/Crime
- JUNE 1982/Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982/Sports
- AUGUST 1982/The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982/Hot Sex
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# FOTO FUNNIES

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WELL... IF YOU REALLY THINK IT WILL HELP...



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WOULD YOU DOUSE THE LIGHTS?

NORMAL ANTI-CELLULITE PRECAUTION.



SATURDAY REVIEW WOULD STILL BE PUBLISHING IF YOU HAD BEEN IN CHARGE OF CIRCULATION.

I KNOW. I JUST GOT A BIG OFFER FROM HARPER'S.



**SPLUGY  
SPLUGY  
SPLUGY**

# Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

Face it, you already know what your usual rum, gin and vodka have to offer.

Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what you've been missing.

Ronrico is superbly smooth and light. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over.

Isn't it time you broke tradition with Ronrico Rum?

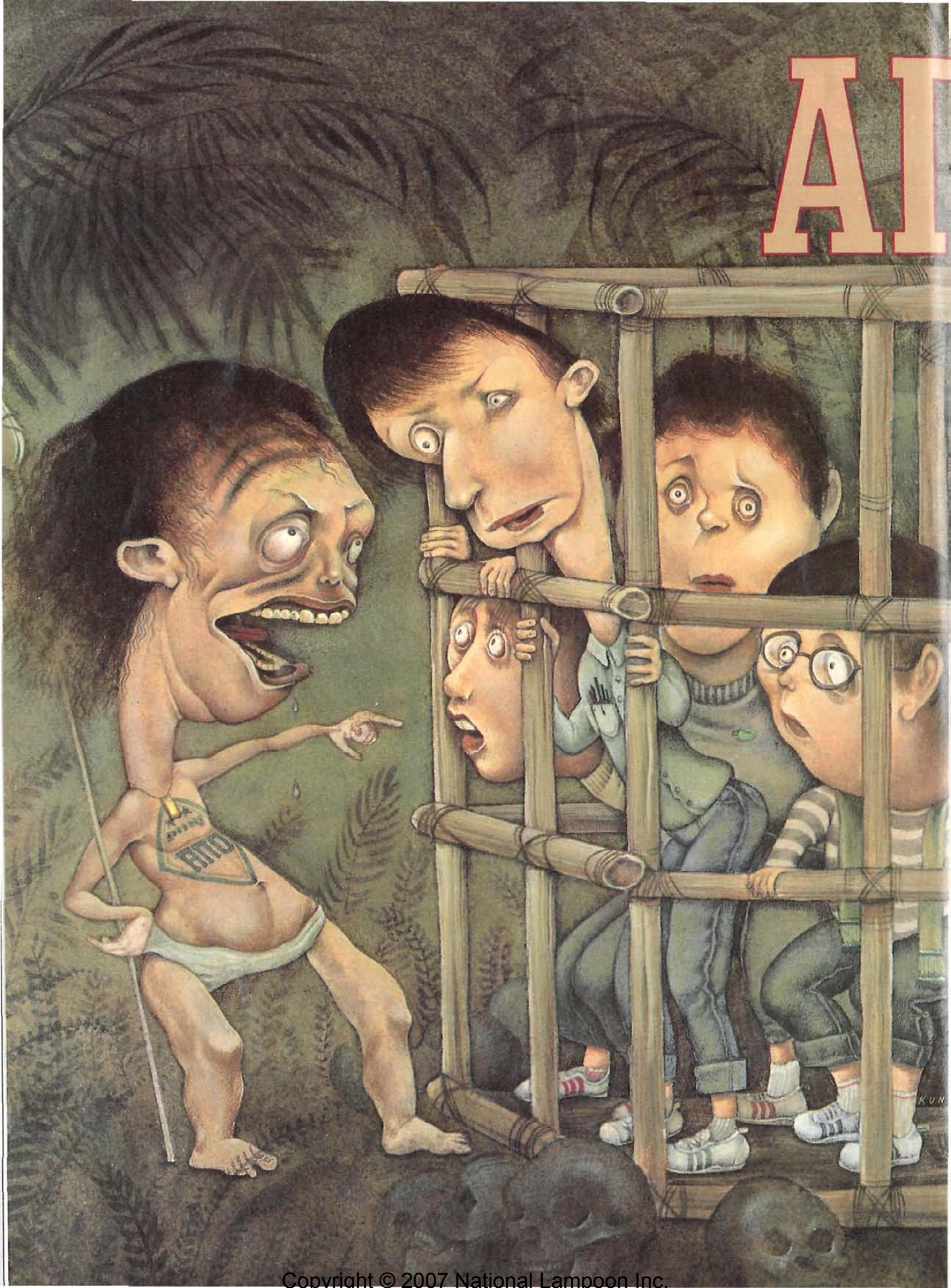
## RONRICO RUM & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

5 parts Ronrico Rum  
1 part Rose's lime juice  
Shake with ice cubes. Pour  
into an on the rocks glass.  
Add a thin slice of lime.



# RONRICO RUM & ROSE'S LIME JUICE

AI



# LOCAL CALYPSSE NOW!

BY TOD CARROLL

*According to the Ekklesia Alpha, which is the sacred and secret charter of the fraternity of Alpha Pi Omicron, the men of each chapter are required to hold a party once a year called the Islander—a degenerate South Seas spectacle wherein the house is converted into a slum of bamboo and palm fronds and live pigs, and everyone gets himself up in flowered lavalava and wanders around drunk, burning things down with Polynesian torches and assaulting the pigs. Another tradition described in the charter is called a walkback, a procedure wherein pledges kidnap the active member of the house whom they most despise and abandon him somewhere out of town with no clothes and no money. Hence, the victim must, as is suggested by the name, walk back.*

**A**N ENTRY WAS MADE IN THE HOUSE JOURNAL REGARDING the walkback and explaining how the decision was taken to dump Whitney Brown in the south-central lowlands of Kampuchea, but the record is lost now because someone left it in the courtyard, where it was shredded by pigs—tiny, terrified, diseased pigs, hauled from a farm for ten dollars a head, then released in the courtyard so that a couple hundred of us would be convinced that the courtyard was actually a Pacific party island and that we were heathen islanders having the bona fide island experience of drinking from bamboo logs and shooting spear guns at a lot of tum-

**Bladder glanced between the bamboo bars at chalky dead pledges suspended in the distance and wondered if he would be joining them. "We want to see Whitney Brown," the Electron finally bleated. Hyena pressed his face against the cage and emitted a staccato of hissing sounds that constituted his laugh. "Whitney says you guys are pussies," he shot back. "You're lower than pledges, man. You're nothing!"**

bling, scrambling, journal-shredding pigs.

So now the only surviving account of the walkback is an oral one, generally garbled, especially concerning the meeting in Gook's room, where he claims the project was first discussed. Gook apparently wanted to nab Whitney in the usual style: ambush him in the dining room, ram his head into a lot of tables and doorjamb, force him onto the floor of a car, kick him, pour beer all over him, hammer him with beer bottles, drive him ten or fifteen miles out of town, drag him from the car, tear off his clothes, tie him up, piss on his clothes, take photographs, leave him, and mail the photographs to the Board of Regents with a letter advising them to throw Whitney out of school for being beaten up and naked instead of studying. Someone else, most likely the Electron, objected to pissing on Whitney's clothes, so the plan was adjusted to include burning Whitney's clothes and pissing on Whitney.

It was Bladder, however, who Gook says pushed the conversation into that special zone conversations go when drunk teens have exhausted all possible ideas for assaulting and debasing one another other than the virulently insane ones wherein the victim probably dies. "Let's drop him in Southeast Asia," Bladder suggested, chewing on a warped, dribbling grinder infested with crinkled filaments of slaw and obtrusive red balls that were either peppers, radishes, or, as is possible with Bladder, maraschino cherries. "We tranquilize the guy and load him in a plane and ditch his ass in the middle of the jungle." No one, as far as is known, thought this was a bad idea.

Gook snatched a globe from his shelf, a basketball-size model with black oceans and dual sea monsters in the middle of the Atlantic, and, dandling it on his knee, ran his fingers across the Eastern Hemisphere. "I can't find shit on this thing," he said.

"Globes are fucked," added the Electron, squeaking through his pinched tube of a neck. "The lettering goes all over the borders, and half the time it's these stupid abbreviations that no one ever heard of."

"What the fuck country is 'La'?" Gook asked.

"That's what I mean," the Electron squeaked again. "How're we going to work out a plan on a goddamn round map of La?"

Bladder grumbled something about place names being ex-

traneous so long as the place was at least a ten-thousand-mile walk from campus. "Well, yeah," Gook responded, taking the point, "but we still can't do any sort of effective planning on a round map."

Gook then dropped the globe to the floor and pushed everything off a shelf and laid the shelf on the globe and jumped from the top of his desk onto the shelf, flattening the globe into a rent and beveled disc. The Electron, by reputation a mechanical genius, attached the new map to a wall with an enormous carriage bolt and a brick, and Gook once again found La. "Laos!" Bladder announced. "La is Laos. It's mostly jungle and mountains and full of aboriginal, cloth-weaving, Communist fuckheads. It's perfect."

"No, it's not," a voice coughed from the doorway. Ditch spat a tight-packed meteor of chewed sunflower seeds across Gook's bed and coughed again. "Laos is for pussy walkbacks," Ditch croaked. "Pledges with testicles know that the only real place for a walkback is Cambodia."

"You mean Kampuchea," Bladder inserted pettishly.

"I mean," Ditch shouted at him, "the fucking most brutal and horrifying place on earth, where they use skulls for landfill and probably hate fraternity guys more than the rest of the human race combined!" Ditch slowly rotated his head, investigating the faces of his brothers, then stabbed a finger against the smashed globe. "Whitney Brown is the squirreliest asshole homo in this entire house, and if we don't have the testicles to dump him in Cambodia, then we're homos too."

Apparently, no one disagreed. "This'll be a fucking Panhellenic legend," Bladder shouted through the last wrenching, spurting meat-wad of his grinder. Gook suddenly began shuffling around the room, rolling his shoulders and jerking his elbows behind his back while he slurred the old Fats Domino song, "Walkin' from Cambodia," he sang, stumbling over chairs and mounds of clothes. "Ooo-ooo-wee, look so horrible to me." In a moment, all were shuffling, stumbling, and singing, and in a moment after that the Electron hit on the idea of getting a copy of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine and inspecting the ads for Vietnam-trained mercenaries and then offering the right guy all the money in the house treasury if he'd airfreight Whitney Brown to Bangkok, jam him in a grain basket, jam the basket into a junk, sail it to the mouth of the Mekong, jam the basket into a sampan, sail upriver to Phumi Banam, pitch the basket ashore, and leave. This was done, and no one heard from Whitney Brown for more than a year.

**P**HUMI BANAM, AN ALLUVIAL slum gorged with crooked tin huts, smoldering garbage, piles of dead fish, and Vietnamese troops, has a compound several kilometers from the river where political strays and various other brain criminals are housed in communal cages when they're not cutting up dhak trees or being shot. This is where the half-conscious round-eyed teen in the grain basket was taken after a truckful of Khmer cops found him on the bank. He spent his first several days there on the floor of a 130-degree shed alongside a dried red snarl of gauze and a chicken; this was the hospital.

Day four passed in one of the main cages, and from there Whitney was bundled to a stucco office with plastic-louvered windows and a fluorescent tube dangling from the ceiling. A Vietnamese officer in U.S. fatigues stared out one of the windows, impassive, bored, wondering offhandedly if he should blow the American's brains out in the center of town for the extra twinkle it would bring to the Liberation, or if he should trouble himself with the standard three-day grilling. "You have been treated well, Mr. Brown?" the officer asked in Vietnamese, still facing the window. Whitney looked at the interpreter, a quivering, sallow Cambodian with fatless cheeks and an immense upper lip that hung like a flap over a picket of serrated yellow teeth. He wore a short-sleeved white pebble-grain shirt and had veins in his withered forearms the size of lamp cords.

"The chief king of affairs wants to know if you're completely damn comfortable," he said, slapping a button of sweat off his chin. "So that way the chief gets top satisfaction when the bones in your ribs get smashed up into just about fifty thousand pieces."

The officer suddenly turned, and after glowering at Whitney for a long time, he slammed his hand down on a desk and then withdrew it, leaving Whitney's fraternity pin wiggling on the blotter. "Tell me about this," he snapped in Vietnamese, one word at a time. The interpreter handed the pin to Whitney. "Describe every total fucking detail of this, please," he said. "You tell some damn cartoon fairy story, okay, and the king of affairs here will cheerfully put one pretty large grenade in your ribs, okay?"

Whitney exhaled a little of his anxiety; the fraternity was central and all-consuming in his life and he possessed an enormous store of fraternity knowledge, including all knowledge in existence regarding its symbols and insignia. "Well," he began in the pedant-zombie-asshole style he was fond of using on the pledges, "as you can see,

the badge of our fraternity is lozenge-shaped, the four corners of which represent our Four Founders, or the Immortal Four. The twin stars at the top proclaim the cardinal tenets of brotherhood at Alpha Pi Omicron: Secrecy and Unity. You will note the row of Greek characters beneath the stars. They signify the Three Duties: first to College, second to Fraternity, and last to Self."

The officer shouted at Whitney and batted him off his chair. "The top general here is pretty damn furious," the interpreter chuckled. "Hey, Greek boy, you got some kind of sense of humor, okay? Everybody laughing like crazy except the guy with the explosion for your ribs." A chicken wandered into the room; the officer snared it by the neck and wedged it, screeching and thrashing, between the plastic louvers in the window. He smiled at Whitney, then shot the chicken, blowing it out the window like a cannonball. "Jesus Christ," the interpreter said, pulling Whitney off the floor. "You sure having pretty miserable effect on the chief general, okay? Maybe you try this conversation again tomorrow, when you tell the whole completely true story."

The officer smirked and waved Whitney back to the communal cage where, later on, two psychotic American MIAs and an English-speaking Cambodian prince gathered round him and asked him if he'd like to join them in an escape.

**T**HE MEN OF APO WERE SWORN to secrecy on the disposition of Whitney Brown. Gook, Bladder, Ditch, and the Electron were brought before the senior council and, after an extravagant oral hosing, punishment for the abduction and possible manslaughter of one of their Brothers was set at one thousand years of phone duty. The council's outrage naturally exceeded this sentence, but the defendants might well have been alienated by anything more brutal. "A happy Gook is a quiet Gook" went the professional-sounding arguments in chambers. "Better to sacrifice every shred of justice in our souls than risk disaffected pledges spilling conscience to the wrong people."

And, patently grateful for the thousand-year sentence—in Bladder's opinion, a "cakewalk"—the defendants joined the rest of the informed Brotherhood in dumping the matter entirely from their minds, especially in the presence of Whitney's stump of a girlfriend, a snout-wrigglingly curious girl with woolen brown hair housed beneath a golf cap full of beer logos.

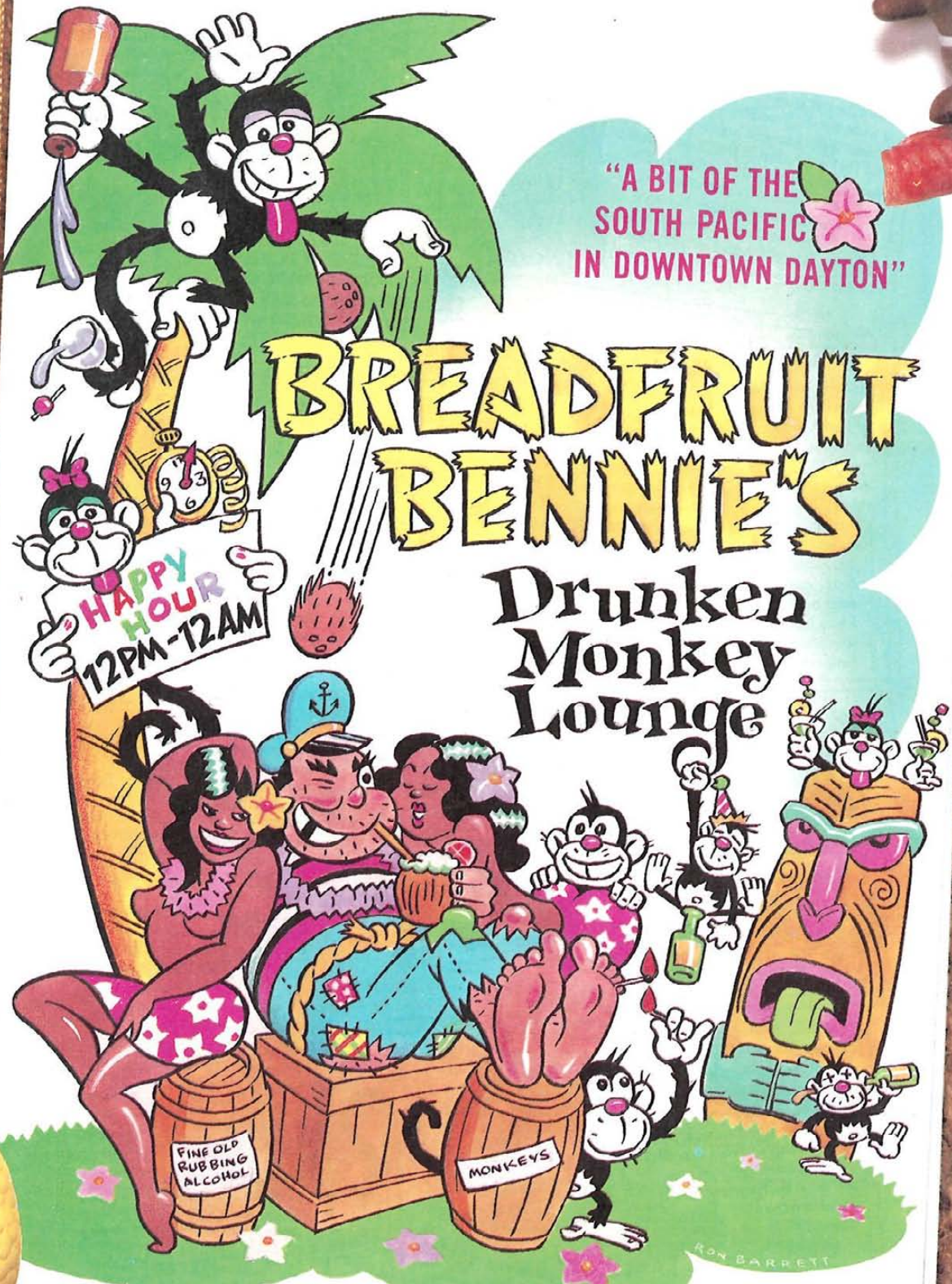
"But what about the Islander?" she  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)



"A BIT OF THE  
SOUTH PACIFIC  
IN DOWNTOWN DAYTON"

# BREADFRUIT BENNIE'S

## Drunken Monkey Lounge



1615 O'ROURKE AVENUE, DAYTON, OHIO

### THE MUSHROOM CLOUD

If you're afraid of getting "bombed," you'd better give this mega-cocktail a wide berth. Breadfruit Bennie claims it packs more punch than all the TNT exploded in the South Pacific during World War II! The formula? The Cap'n claims it's classified, top secret. But we've seen him mix it and we know that it contains a healthy slug of Naga Saki. Try one. It'll make you glow. **\$5.95**



## BREADFRUIT BENNIE'S COCKTAIL LUAU

WHILE YOU "SPICE THE MAIN BRACE" WITH ONE OF OUR POTENT POLYNESIAN POTIONS, SAMPLE FROM A SEA CHEST FULL OF SUPER SOUTH SEAS SNACKS!



### CANNIBAL'S REVENGE

Remember days of yore when missionaries roamed the South Sea Isles in search of heathen souls to save? Sometimes they made a poor choice of potential Christians and they'd wind up in the soup. Or worse still, in the stew. This potent potion is our tribute to those parboiled padres. Bottoms up! And legs and elbows, too!



#### CANNIBAL'S REVENGE

6 oz. vodka, 6 oz. light rum, 2 12-oz. cans beef broth, 1 lb. short ribs, trimmed and browned, 1 bay leaf, 1 oz. bay rum (for aroma). Pour ingredients in saucepan, stir, and simmer for at least 3 hrs. Serve with twist and bowl of A-1 sauce. Serves six. **\$4.50**

THIS ONE'LL DRIVE YOU COCO-NUTS!



### MUTTONY ON THE BOUNTY . . . \$4.95

Traditional Tahitian barbecued lamb-fat kebobs, marinated overnight in our secret blend of tasty island spices, boiled in oil until they turn a deep Hawaiian tan, then served up sizzling hot. Official appetizer of the king of Sarawak!

### GIANT CLAM ON THE HALF SHELL . . . \$5.95

Flown in fresh twice daily from the Mariana Trench, each monster mollusk makes a meal in itself. But watch your fingers. Breadfruit Bennie claims he recently pried one of these behemoth bivalves open and found Esther Williams's foot!

### ASSORTED REEF CREATURES (CHEF'S SPECIAL!) . . . \$5.50

What are they? We won't tell, and after one taste you won't care! These salt-soaked little sea scamps from the coral reefs off Java are volcano-fried and dished up with a hearty helping of our Poo Poo Dip. Betcha can't eat just one!

### SWEET 'N' SOUR BLUBBER BITS . . . \$3.95

A whale of a cocktail snack, steamed the Okinawan way in bamboo pressure cookers till the lid lifts off and Bennie hollers "Thar she blows!"

### BREADFRUIT BENNIE'S POLYNESIAN MONKEY PLATTER . . . \$8.95

A Drunken Monkey Lounge exclusive! By special arrangement with the recently closed Cleveland Zoo, Breadfruit Bennie brings you this mouth-watering array of monkey meats and monkey meat by-products. Guaranteed served nowhere else in Dayton, each and every spinnaker-size platter boasts a piping-hot selection of *Rumonki*, *Sweet 'n' Sour Monkey Ribs*, *Monkey Toast*, *Monkey Dumplings*, *Monkey Roll*, and *Monkey Doo*, our own thick, steamy cocktail dip, served with a heaping bowl of *Monkey Chips*.

MY MOM'S ON THE MENU!



## BREADFRUIT BENNIE SEZ:

IF YOU'RE SLEEPING IN A TREE TONIGHT, DRINK UP. IF YOU'RE DRIVING HOME, QUIT WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD.



### THOR HIGHERBALL

Here's one for the swabbie who's had all of the adventure he can handle and prefers a more familiar land-lubber's libation. Just the basics: tall glass, ice, a dash of soda, and a healthy tot of Breadfruit Bennie's favorite blended whiskey. As they say in Bora Bora, cheers! **\$2.95**



BOTTOMS UP!



BREADFRUIT BENNIE SEZ: "WE'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE

## BOURBON AND THE BEAST

It was the planes that got King Kong, right? Wrong. "Twas beauty killed the beast!" Or was it? Breadfruit Bennie claims that no gorilla worth his sea salt would run up a palm tree, let alone the Empire State, unless a) he was heading for a bunch of coconuts, or b) he'd had a snootful. Which was it in Kong's case? One sip of this tropical concoction brewed from sippin' whiskey, rum, and monkey milk and you'll forget you asked. But watch it! Two of these and even our most sober customers go ape!



\$3.95

## MAUI AMSTERDAM

Hawaii meets Holland in this unbelievable drink that is also a meal in itself. Breadfruit Bennie invented it one night when he was hungry and thirsty at the same time. Here's what he came up with: Mix up a batch of rum with chunks of Holland Gouda or Edam cheese and fillets of herring. Add a little Holland beer to the whole thing. The cheese melts, the herring cooks, and the whole drink blends together into a salty-sweet-sour concoction that packs a wallop!



\$5.95

## YOO HOO HOO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM

The immortal Yogi Berra is a very old and dear friend of Breadfruit Bennie, and serves this drink on all the important Italian saints' birthdays. Yogi has no use for complicated recipes. So all you need is:

- One bottle Yoo-Hoo
- One bottle rum

Mix them together and serve straight or on the rocks.

P.S. Sometimes Yogi likes to garnish it with slices of raw onion. Bennie likes to serve it in a baseball cap.

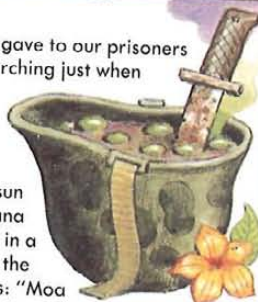


\$3.95

## BATAAN DEATH PUNCH

This is a drink that the Japanese gave to our prisoners in World War II to keep them marching just when they thought they'd drop.

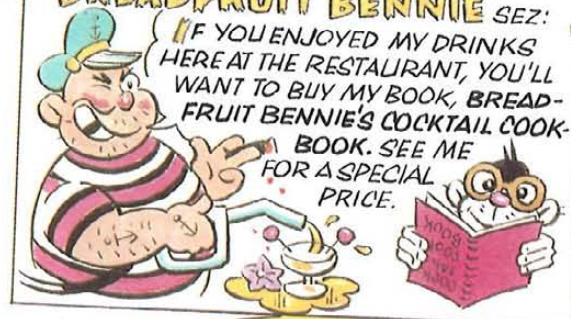
1 gal. wood alcohol, rubbing alcohol, or turpentine; 2 lbs. sugar; 1 qt. soy sauce; 1 doz. clams, opened and left in the sun for three days; 1 bottle Louisiana Pepper sauce. Mix ingredients in a big bowl. Serve straight or on the rocks. As we say on the islands: "Moa moa taki aku" ("If you can finish it, may Jack Lord have mercy on your soul"). Serves an army!



\$5.95

## BREADFRUIT BENNIE SEZ:

IF YOU ENJOYED MY DRINKS HERE AT THE RESTAURANT, YOU'LL WANT TO BUY MY BOOK, BREADFRUIT BENNIE'S COCKTAIL COOKBOOK. SEE ME FOR A SPECIAL PRICE.



## REMEMBER! TUESDAY NITE IS KIDDIE NIGHT. BRING THE KIDS FOR FREE DRINKS!

Order a Breadfruit Bennie Special and your kid gets a free BUBBLE GUAM. Breadfruit Bennie mixes up your kid's favorite beverage and serves it up just like Mom and Dad's. Break in the little tykes with his special concoction of Koola Kola (Dayton's own), shredded coconut, real bubble gum, powdered milk, and fizzy pellets, served in a hollowed-out monkey's head your child can keep as a souvenir!



## BUDDHA BUDDHA

Breadfruit Bennie's waiter and first mate, Barney, invented this one. Barney mixes his secret blend of 151-proof rum, Russian vodka, a little Dayton homemade moonshine, and just a shpritz of Sunoco High Octane. He pours it into a hollow statuette of a smiling Buddha and flambés it right before your eyes. And then crazy Barney pours the same cocktail over himself and puts a match to it. Poof—a flaming waiter! The ladies will faint. When they come to, tell them that Barney's wearing a flameproof uniform! (Serves two only)

\$8.95



BREADFRUIT BENNIE'S APARTMENT ABOVE THE RESTAURANT—AVAILABLE FOR PRIVATE PARTIES



FOR YOUR PERSONAL PROPERTY OR PERSONAL PROBLEMS."

# APOCALYPSE NOW!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

sobbed, mumpish and maundering one afternoon on the end of Whitney's bed. "We're supposed to go to the Islander. But where is he? He can't miss the Islander. We've gone every year. He wouldn't miss the Islander. We're supposed to go. It's the best party of the year. Are you sure you don't know where he is? God, this is so confusing. He can't miss the Islander. We're supposed to go." She looked at Bladder, who happened to be in the room looting Whitney's closet when Belinda had first showed up with her beer hat and chattering spray of curiosity. "Maybe he had some kind of breakdown and just took off," Bladder offered. "Yeah," another voice elaborated, "the Islander can be such an awesome explosion of fun that certain personalities develop a fear of it, because they think that if they experience too many Islanders they'll never be able to enjoy the regular world again."

"Yeah, it's called the Fear of Drunken Party Islands with Pigs Syndrome," the president of the senior council said. Belinda shook her head violently and screamed, "Whitney isn't like that!" She then twisted her head to the side and back, and held it there in a kind of deranged reverence until the muscles in her neck began to vibrate. "It was so terrific last year," Belinda said in a crimped, sniffing voice. She reached to a shelf and grabbed a tall cylinder—Whitney's

iconic island thermos swaddled in patches of gunny, cork, twine, coconut husk, and shark teeth that had somehow been arranged to suggest a very narrow, tubular Negro. This was Whitney's ceremonial Islander thermos, full of island memories now, spilling into Belinda's mind and all over her clothes like sticky red island liquor.

"He was really wasted," she said. "His lavalava were almost falling off. I remember. And he was drinking from his thermos with one hand and holding a spear gun in the other. He yelled for the pigs. Whitney loved to shoot at the pigs. He really wanted to get one that year. He felt bad about being the only APO that hadn't ever got one of the pigs. I tried to help, like a spotter or whatever it's called. But I was really wasted too and practically blind. It was the best party ever. Then, you know what he said to me? He got real serious and said that some people just notice the parties at fraternity houses and don't understand that fraternities are valuable training models of society. He said that fraternities have rules and traditions that we have to follow so that we'll know how to follow the other rules and traditions in real life later on. 'Maybe you think it seems silly,' he told me, 'to have it be important to shoot spears into pigs at the Islander. But it's tradition,' he said. Then he almost started to cry because he was so thankful to his fraternity for teaching him this stuff. 'That's why I've got to get a pig tonight,' he said. 'It's my responsibility to this house and

to myself,' he said, but then he ralphed and passed out."

Belinda wrung her hands around the iconic Negro thermos and lowered her shoulders until her forehead touched its top. The room was empty now, except for Bladder, who was still fingering Whitney's clothes. "Did you puke too?" Bladder asked. "Yeah," she responded, still looking down. "I was so sick I couldn't believe it."

**B**Y NINE IN THE MORNING ON HIS sixth day in Kampuchea, Whitney Brown was tramping through hot, mucoid humus, breathing jungle steam and attacking monkeys with fire-hardened spears of bamboo. He was surprised at how easily the animals went down—considering the time he'd had blundering after cankered ten-dollar party pigs with steel spear guns, bagging his first wild jungle monkey with nothing but a sharp stick was an event of total sublimity. "My pig," he murmured, arching over the corpse of his kill.

"How come you are calling monkeys pigs?" the Cambodian prince asked with an earnest smile. "You see, I have been captured for a good long time and therefore am sorry to be ignorant of the modern developments in your language."

"It's a fraternity thing," Whitney replied, lost in a head-lolling reverie like Belinda's.

"Please excuse me," the prince continued. "If you can forgive my clumsiness with the modern developments of your language, I wonder if you might please explain the meaning of a fraternity."

"Fraternities are model societies," Whitney said, "that prepare men for the real world by giving them lots of rules and traditions to follow so they'll have experience at it and then be able to follow all the rules and traditions of the real world. Everybody thinks it's just parties and ralphing, but they're wrong."

The prince looked at him imploringly. "Please, I beg your patience with my curiosity," he said, "but I wonder if the structures of your model fraternity societies might have some suitability for the people of Cambodia. Our institutions and traditions are, you see, presently in very terrible condition, and as a truly legitimate prince of this nation I am of course happily interested in whatever details of the fraternity system you are able to provide."

One of the two MIAs, who'd now caught up with Whitney and the prince, lit a chunk of C-4 from a mine he'd found and ran its white hissing spike of flame across an edible section of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

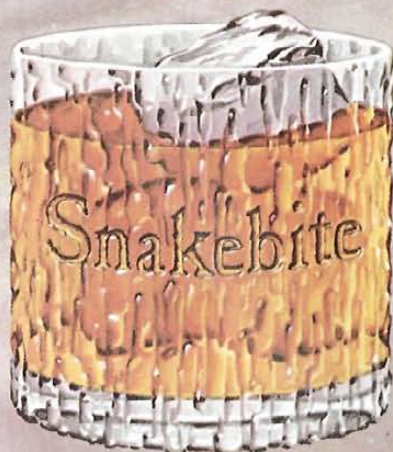


"Thanks for the coffee and cookies, Mrs. Winter. One would actually think I was going to do a good job on your sink and charge a reasonable price."

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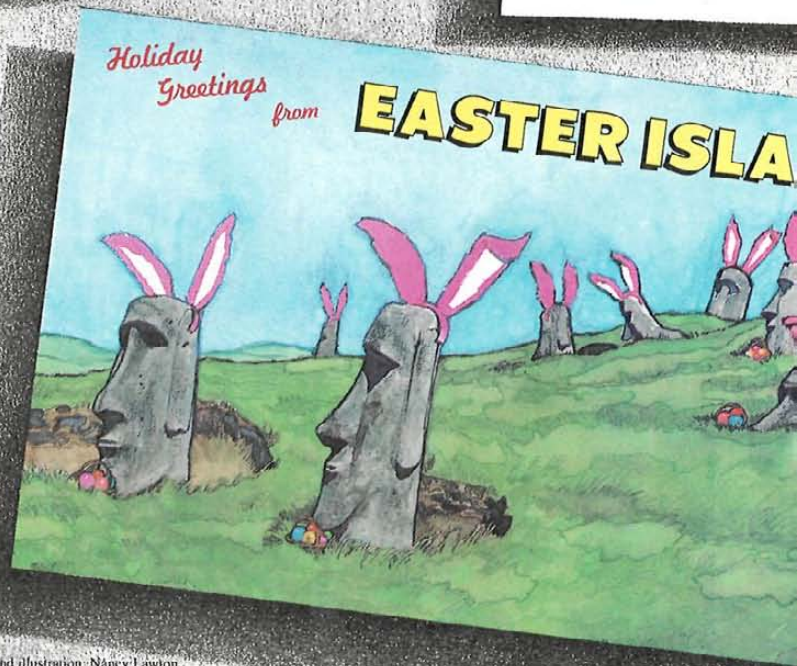
# GREETINGS F

# The South Pac

BY FRED GRAVER

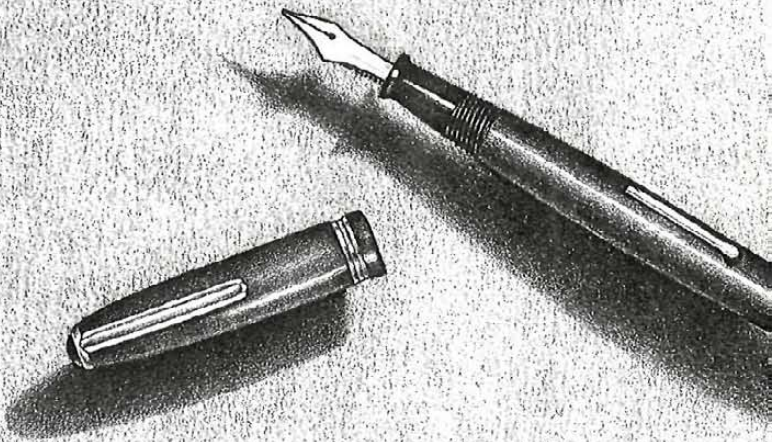
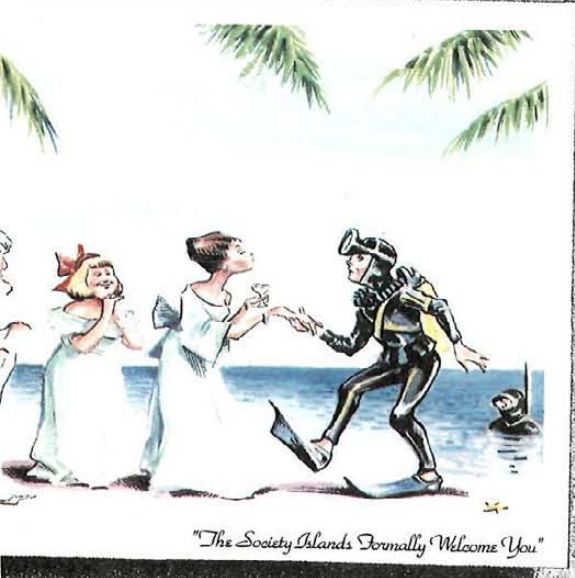
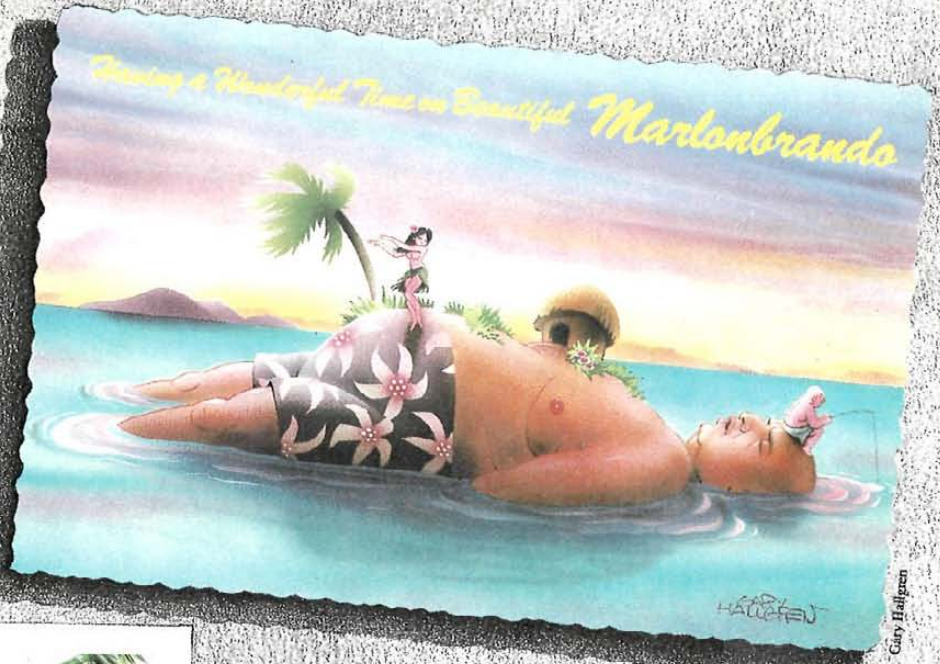


Sydney Lukeman



Background illustration: Nancy Lawton

# R O M F I L M





Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

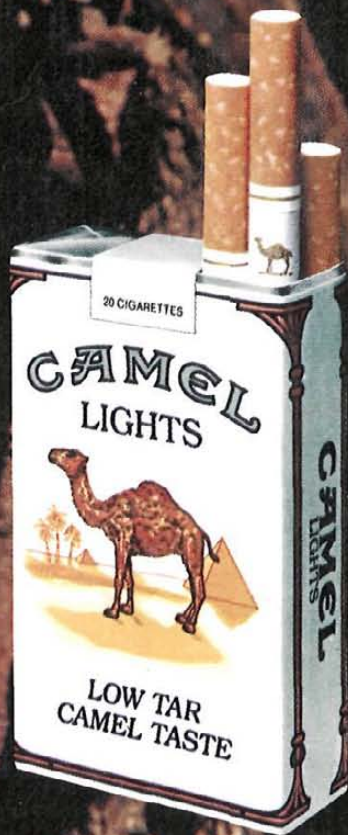
8 mg. "tar"; 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.

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# CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



8 mg tar.

Camel Lights.  
Low tar. Camel taste.

# APOCALYPSE NOW!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)  
monkey while Whitney, half out of his mind, deliberately and meticulously disgorged to the prince the most fanatically guarded, ecclesiastical-quality secrets of APO.

**G**OOK, BLADDER, DITCH, AND THE Electron were occupied in the living room with four tons of food. The fraternity had just completed its one civil project of the year—the annual APO Christian Christmas Dinner Drive, invented by Ditch to earn the five thousand dollars needed to restore the money he and the others had embezzled from the house treasury to finance the mercenary from *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. “We sell the food to guys in other houses at discount rates, we make a huge profit, they save money, and then they refund the money they’ve saved to their parents, or blow it on liquor, however their Christian consciences may guide them,” Ditch had said.

Of course, enough was skimmed off the top to feed selected APOs five times a day, every day, for the rest of the year—an operation that had gone unusually well until Bladder disputed the Electron’s pyramidal hoard of Geisha canned crabmeat and called the Electron a goddamn anti-Christian crab-usurping Satan who’d forgotten the meaning of the second star on the APO badge. “Fuck you, I collected it, it’s mine,” the Electron power-squeaked through his annoyingly slim neck.

“That’s a completely fucked attitude,” Bladder shouted back, looking toward Ditch for reinforcement. “Electron

doesn’t get any food at all, right, Ditch?”

Ditch, who was wrapped from head to toe in a roll of paper towels he’d found among the food, hopped to the crabmeat pyramid and screamed at the Electron, “Give some to Bladder.”

“Fuck you,” the Electron responded, and then Bladder dove for the crabmeat cans and began throwing them around the room while Ditch rammed his mummified paper body against the Electron and disappeared in a squall of towel shreds and tin cans. One of the cans struck a forty-five-year-old man standing in the front doorway.

He was short, with a mat of short brown hair penetrated at the temples by brown-spotted wedges of flesh. He wore a stiff brown suit and a badge full of pointy gems on his lapel—the badge of the number-one person in the entire APO organization, the Grand Archon of the National Board of Trustees for the National Corporation of the Fraternity of Alpha Pi Omicron, Washington, D.C. The can, which had bounced off his stomach, was rolling in a spiral on the floor. The man examined his belly with his fingertips as Gook asked what exactly the fuck it was that he wanted.

“I am Jordan C. Trowbridge,” the visitor said with the hubris of a man who earns very little money to supervise the development of students into men who will one day become successful enough to pity him. “I am the Grand Archon of Alpha Pi Omicron, and I am here to discuss the whereabouts of one of your Brothers.”

“Fuck you, it’s my crabmeat,” the Electron screamed to everyone in the room. Ditch chopped his way out of the towels; Bladder threw a can through a window, and Gook asked exactly what

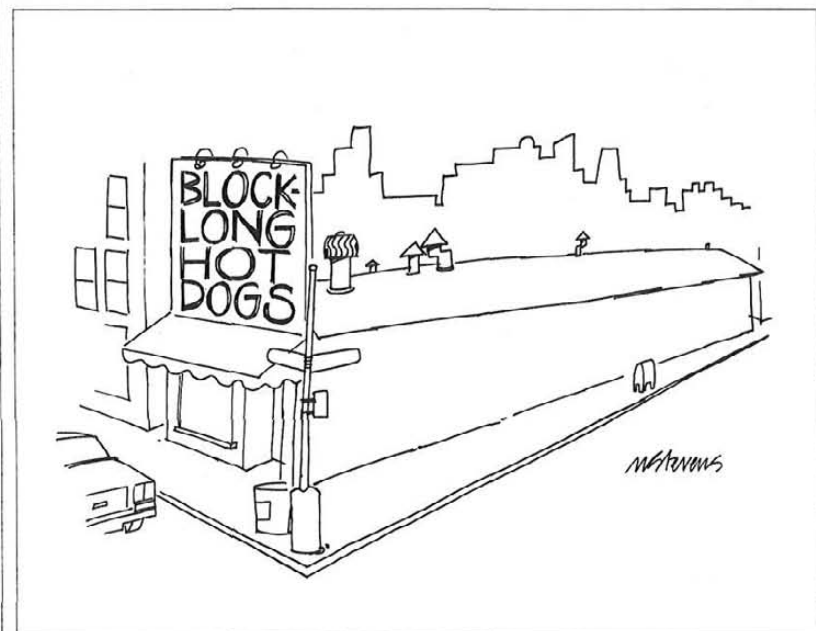
the fuck it was that Jordan was talking about. Trowbridge stepped to a table in the living room and, on a small flat space amid several high hills of food, opened a valise and withdrew a stack of papers and photographs in plastic sleeves. “Do any of you recognize this man?” he asked, holding out a photo. Gook studied it for a moment; he saw a grainy, emaciated white man in fluid jungle shadows. The man was holding a spear. A crude lozenge was tattooed on his chest over his heart, and he was standing on a pile of skulls. Letters made of bamboo sticks lay on the dirt in the foreground. “APO Hell Week ’83,” they read.

“No,” Gook said. “It’s a pretty nice shot, though.”

“It was taken two weeks ago by a French journalist in Kampuchea. He claims the man identified himself as Whitney Brown, Chief of Affairs and President of the True Fraternity of Alpha Pi Omicron.” Trowbridge flipped to a legal-size affidavit. “We’ve talked to the man you paid to transport Mr. Brown up the Mekong River. He’s under arrest now in Bangkok. We’ve even had contact with the Vietnamese authorities in Phnom Penh. They say Mr. Brown is a fugitive and that he’s operating a rebel camp in one of the valleys above Kampong Cham. They also emphasized that when Mr. Brown is found, he’ll be tried as an insurgent and shot.”

Trowbridge scanned the gathering crowd as the horribleness of this situation penetrated their brains like head-crushing hogheads of mud. “There’s one more thing,” Trowbridge announced. He produced a small tape player and switched it on. “This short-wave radio broadcast was monitored at an American installation on the Thai border.” A rasping, undulating hiss was succeeded by the sound of fingers banging and scraping a plastic microphone. “Hello,” Whitney’s voice said. “This is the Voice of Alpha Pi Omicron, number-one house in Cambodia. This was really an outstanding week at APO. First off, we initiated six hundred and thirty-five pledges into active membership, mostly Khmers plus a couple of Shans from upcountry. His Royal Prince Nonomsin, our Initiation and Hell Week chairman, says it’s the best group ever, and that only fifty or so died. They were pussies, of course, obviously not ready to receive the rights and privileges of APO society. The Little Sisters’ Animal Throat-Blood Mixer was another highlight, with all the usual serenading and punch and ritual wildebeest slaughter that make this one of the top mixers of the year. And how could it not be with the beau-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



VOL. 163, NO. 5



MAY 1983

# NATIONAL SOUTHPACIFIC

VOYAGE OF  
THE *BEAGLE II* -  
NEW DISCOVERIES  
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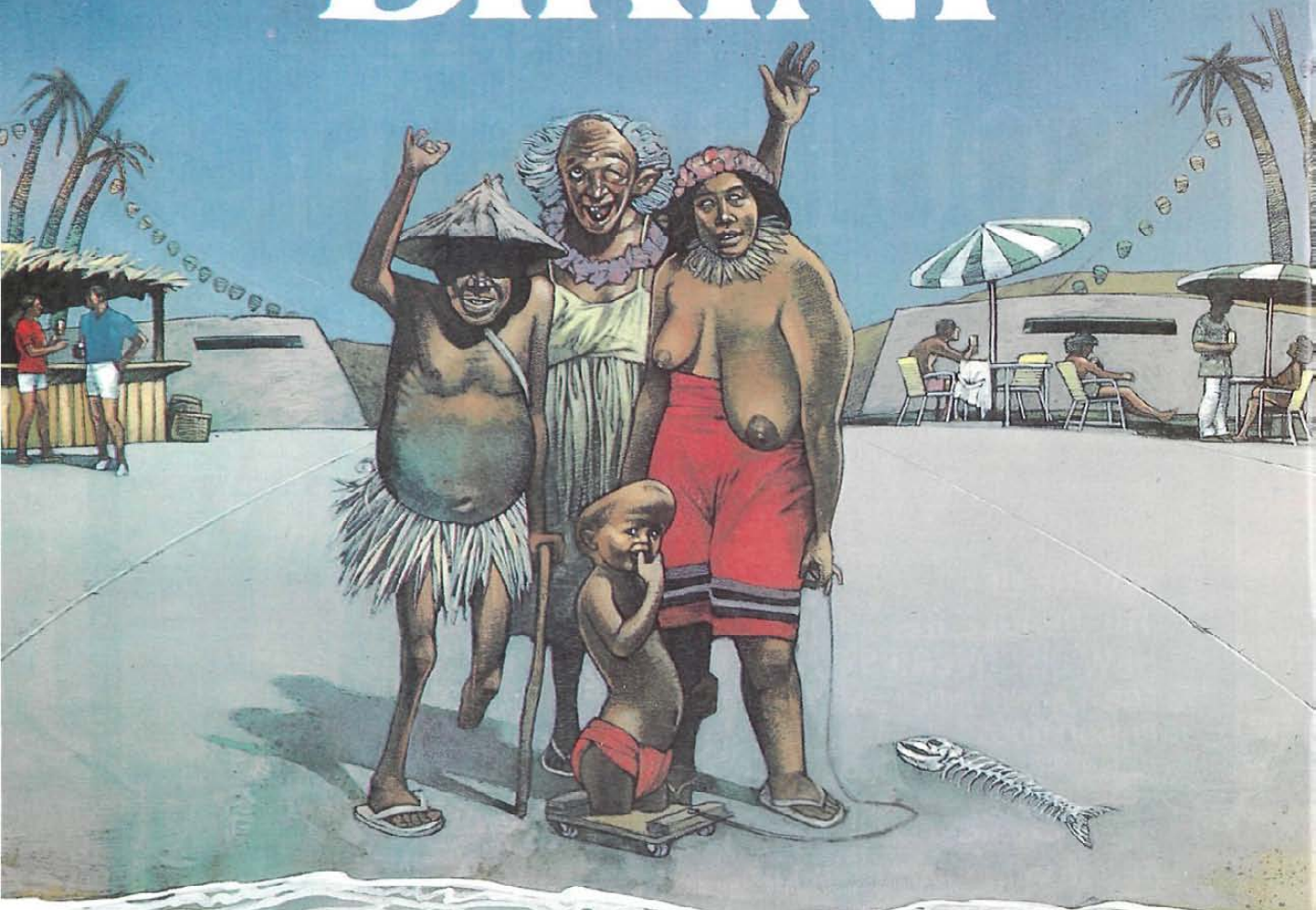
PACIFIC TRENCHMEN:  
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THE BLESSED VIRGIN MAORI:  
A CREDIT TO HER PEOPLE  
IN CHRISTCHURCH,  
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# Come back to BIKINI



Once host to America's nuclear-weapons tests, the island of Bikini is ready to welcome you to a very different blast—your next vacation.

From the moment you step from the plane and start receiving the kind of deep brown tan you would have to work for weeks to get in some other resort, Bikini will surprise and amaze you.

Our temperatures range in the mid-80s, a far cry from the 36,000 mark we hit in 1958. The wind is a balmy 15–20 mph—no more of those 200-plus-mile-an-hour shock waves that used to play hell with physicists' toupees and islanders' grass skirts. You'll never have to dip a toe in the water to see if it's right for swimming: from the tide pools to the ocean shore,

it's a constant 95 degrees.

Feeling tired? Many people do after soaking up the "rays" around Bikini for a day. You'd better rest up when you can, because the nightlife in Bikini starts at dusk and usually goes on till dawn or so.

Begin with a delightful meal naturally prepared in one of the microwave holes that dot the island. Your film badge gains you admission to Fermi's Fallout Club for a sampling of three-legged lumpfish. Or try the chewy fruit of the pandanus tree, known locally as "the stuff the H-bomb couldn't kill."

Bikini. An island untouched by time, and paved over by history. A land of waves, steam, and manageable roentgen levels.

**You'll come home to us soon.  
And you won't be sorry.**

# NATIONAL SOUTHPACIFIC

THE NATIONAL SOUTHPACIFIC MAGAZINE VOL. 100 NO. 1  
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WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED  
THE PAPER AND INK USED TO PRODUCE THIS MAGAZINE HAVE A  
HALF LIFE OF 2,450 YEARS, GIVEN NORMAL AMERICAN ATOMIC CONDITIONS

**A**MONG THE MOST common letters we receive here at *National Southpacific* are those from querulous and quizzical readers who want to know, "What's all this guff we're hearing now about sharks not being dangerous?"

Our readers have a point, and for once it's not on the top of their heads.

Recently, in Costello's Restaurant in New York City, I was moved to ask Tommy the bartender about the enormous shark mounted behind the bar.

The man blanched and turned away. "Mr. Plunkett," he said haltingly, "we . . . we do not talk about that shark . . . for that shark . . . that shark, he killed my brother."

Embarrassed and annoyed with myself for asking what was obviously a very painful question, I did my clumsy best to apologize. "I'm sorry, Tommy. Your brother, he must have been a brave man and a great fisherman to have done battle with such a monster."

"No," said the good man, tears starting in his eyes, "he was an alcoholic, and one day he was sitting there right where you are, and that shark, it fell off the wall and killed him." Then he broke down utterly.

Anyone who says that the shark is not a dangerous animal is as full of shit as a blocked toilet in a Mexican bus station.

"What about cannibals?" This is a question that has been bothering a lot of *National Southpacific* readers. Who are they, where do they live, how can you spot them? Do you really have to "watch it"?

Yes, cannibals do exist, as former managing editor Susan Devins testifies. Ms. Devins, while bird-watching in Sarawak, happened to come across a cannibal butcher shop catering to local anthropagi. Curious, she entered. The owner told her that the special of the day was a nice flank steak of Dutch seismic explorer at \$2.25 a pound. "We also," the savage continued, "have an excellent rump roast of Belgian documentary cameraman. That's \$2.75 a pound." When Ms. Devins failed to express sufficient interest, the wild man announced in confidential tones that, for a limited time only, they had a very nice brisket of English tropical agronomist, at \$11.75 a pound.

"Eleven seventy-five a pound!" said Ms. Devins, shocked at the high price for such an ordinary cut of meat. "Why so much for the Englishman?!"

"Well," the painted primitive replied, "HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO CLEAN ONE OF THOSE BUGGERS?"

Ms. Devins was dumbfounded. Who wouldn't be?

*L. Dennis Plunkett*

EDITOR

May 1983

## Astonishing Pictures of Savage Native Women with Enormous Breasts 938

*From millions of miles in space, an unmanned NASA spacecraft sends home spectacular views of African women on our very own planet. Scientist Rick Jedley explains why these images fascinate scientists.*

## Pacific Crossing 955

*Explorer Thor Hammerhead single-handedly sailed an empty supertanker across the Pacific to prove that just such a craft may have been used three thousand years ago to settle the Hawaiian islands. Text and photos by Thor Hammerhead.*

## Troubled Times in Kuwait 962

*Turmoil, violence, desperate slums, the paradox of enormous wealth in the midst of squalor, economic instability, a country's struggle for independence, and a woman who can make repairs on an oil rig with her vaginal muscles. Photos by Lionel Granmar.*

## Toledo—City of American Enchantment 984

*Ken Norman reports on this peaceful city of prosperous optimism, where democracy works, police arrest lawbreakers, roving bands of gleeful citizens prowling the streets, and powerful tranquilizers have flooded the city's water supply.*

## The Good Earth, Revisited 995

*Halfway through this article about Pearl Buck, which features text by Harvard professor of English Horvath Horchow and photos by Radd J. Kenilworth, a little subscription card will drop into your lap and wake you up. Have a nice snooze.*

## The Echidna, Friend of the Outback Children 1007

*It may be ugly to you, but this toothless, spiny-needled creature is a pal to hundreds of Australian children, who enjoy it for its molelike paws and long extensile tongue, useful in a variety of schoolyard pranks. Gloriously photographed in great detail and at enormous expense by Joyce Bartlett.*

**COVER:** *From the upper deck of the National Southpacific Society yacht, the wife of a prominent Society member becomes disgustingly sick, retching and puking and heaving half-digested chunks of shrimp and lobster salad into Chesapeake Bay. Some people should stick to armchair traveling, don't you agree?*

# THE JUBA

## A PEOPLE IN TURMOIL

By GARY SUSSMAN

Photographs by A. GUY

**F**OR CENTURIES, STORIES were brought back by sailors and traders about a legendary people called the Juba who inhabited a tiny island in the South Pacific and still practiced their ancient customs. They were noted for their business acumen and a fierce dedication to creature comforts. Some considered them strangely beautiful. But very few Western eyes had ever seen or studied them.

Today, the story of the Juba is different. "One foot in the Stone Age and one foot in the Space Age" is how noted anthropologist Sanford Tickler describes the turmoil of this unique people. The temptations of the West have finally reached this remote, primitive place. The primal, uncorrupted innocence of the Juba is beginning to erode. They will never be the same.

Unlike most primitive tribes in the Pacific, the Juba are not hunters, nomads, or farmers. The traditional work of the Juba is the entertainment business, or *sho buz*, as they call it. For some unaccountable reason, the Juba speak a combination of their own language and a form of pidgin English. And almost everyone on the island is engaged in some area of *sho buz*.

The highest echelon of *sho buz* is occupied by the Juba who call themselves *mogals*. The *mogals* are the producers and promoters of the traditional Juba shows. Until recently, they had an iron control over the content, distribution, and admission charges of the shows. The *mogals* still have a firm grip, but the future promises great conflict. The second echelon are the performers, the actors, singers, and dancers, who are treated like little children. They have some privileges but must obey the whims of the *mogals*.

The lowest order of the Juba are the writers of

the entertainments, the *niga*. The writing is actually an oral form. The Juba do not use the printed word. As many as two hundred *niga* are employed to write one entertainment, most of which are comical in nature. Day and night the little island rocks with the noise of the *niga* shouting and screaming their *stik*, their funny ideas, at each other. Only the hardest, the *starka*, the ones who shout the loudest, can gain an audience with the *mogals*.

The unit of currency for paying *sho buz* people is dead fish. The Juba are obsessed with accumulating huge stores of dead fish, especially the *mogals* and their advisers.

For centuries the Juba were content to practice their primitive, uninhibited form of *sho buz*, controlled by the *mogals* in a paternalistic manner, with no interference from outsiders. But in 1981, a Hollywood film crew making a movie in the South Pacific found themselves temporarily stranded on this remote island. The producers were fascinated by the *sho buz* of the Juba and immediately commissioned hundreds of movie ideas from the *niga* without consulting the *mogals*. The producers paid the *niga* more dead fish than they had ever seen before. "We paid them scale," quipped Thom Mount, head of production at Universal. "But seriously, those young Juba *niga*—I mean writers—were just what we needed—primitive, but very fresh and simple—just right for our subteen market." Universal is ready to release the first collection of Juba pictures—wacky beach-party stories (the Juba have a lot of beaches) and war canoe-crash films, which Mount feels could be the hot new genre of the eighties.

The emigration to Hollywood began in earnest and now has split the island into different camps. The hungry, restless young *niga* were tempted by

*The old Juba way of life is still reflected in the ancient ritual of the gimba, the puberty rite that initiates the male into adulthood at the age of twenty-eight. He must experience the pain of a sterilized-pin prick, administered by the moyal, the island doctor and circumciser, second only in power to the mogal.*



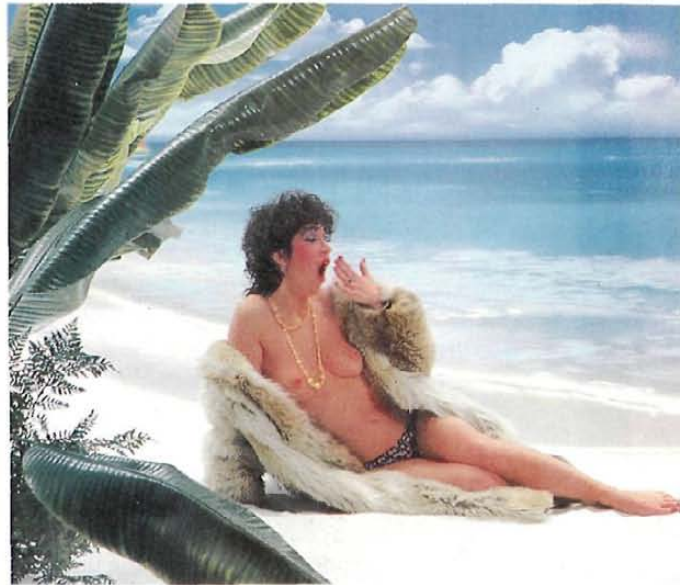






For a tribe of the South Pacific, the bodies of the Juba women are amazingly free from the traditional body piercing (except for the earlobes) (left). In fact, they take great care of their skin, rubbing it with coconut milk and other moisturizers to counter the effects of the harsh sun.

A Juba princess always wears her coat of animal pelts (below) no matter how high the temperature and humidity. Only the wives of the mogals can afford to own a coat of furs.



the comparatively large offers of dead fish and renounced the security and traditions of the *mogals*. Inevitably, they also rejected the Juba way of life. Many are dressing in Western style, using Western writing instruments and mingling with the hard-living Hollywood set. Those who returned to Juba brought back diseases and addictions totally foreign to this innocent, unspoiled island.

At the moment, the *mogals* refuse to admit that there is a serious problem. "Sho buz better than ever," says Mati Semins, creator of the largest entertainment empire on the island. The majority of the *niga* and the other *sho buz* toilers are caught in the middle—confused, undecided on which course to take. The *mogals* warn them of the dangers of Hollywood. And Hollywood lures them with bigger, fatter fish. One thing is certain: the ancient customs and cultural identity of the Juba will never be as strong again.

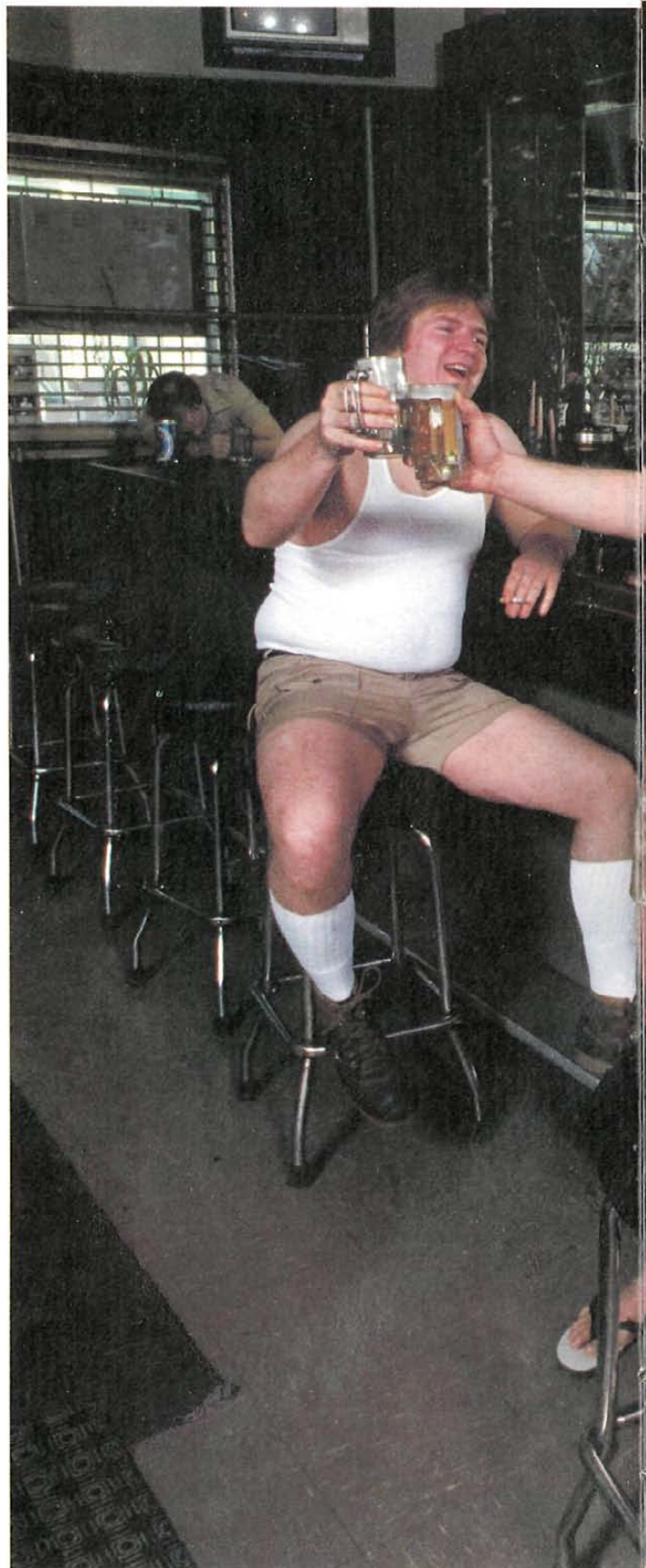
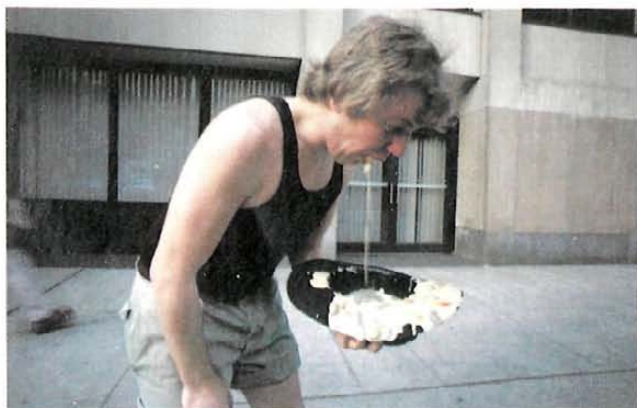
# AUSTRALIA: Looking Backward at a Dark Tomorrow

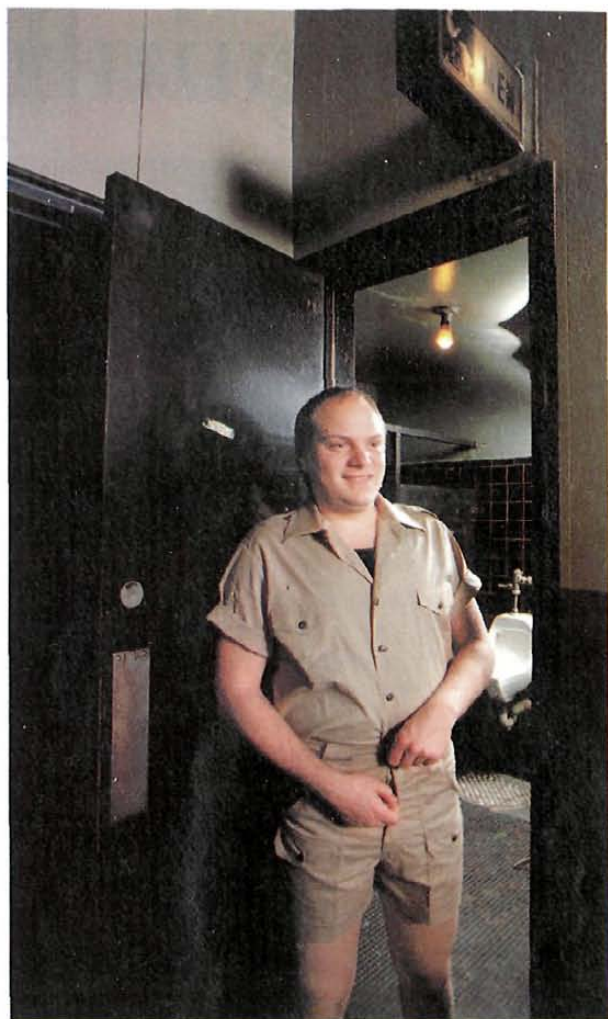
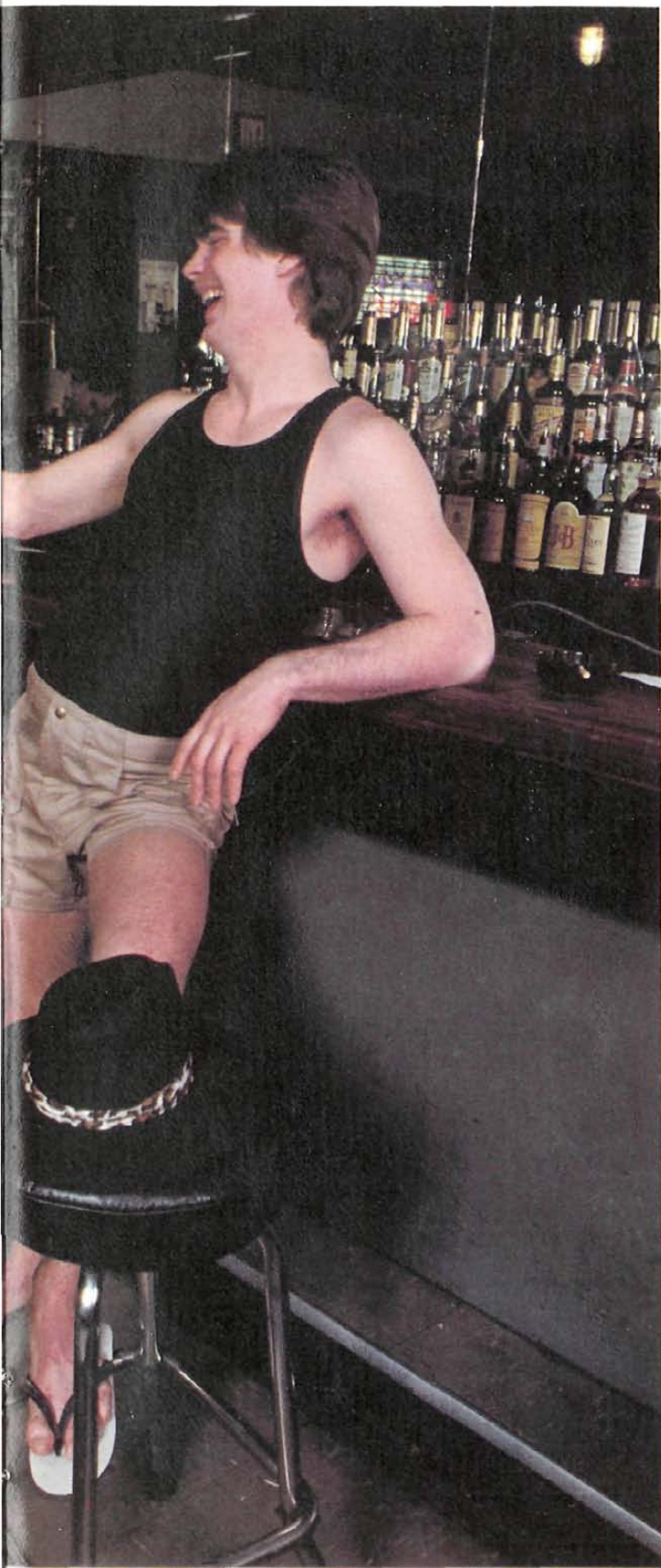
By MURDOCH RUPE  
Photographs by STAR BLACK

**D**ECEMBER IS SUMMERTIME, water swirls counterclockwise down the drain, and the people wash their hands *before* using the toilet. Where else but that topsy-turvy country-continent called Australia?

The first settlement on Australia was at Botany Bay, which, of course, was not actually a *bay* but dry land. Sound crazy? Not once you get to know Australia, where upside down is right side up.

If you open a boiled egg at the big end in the Northern Hemisphere, which end do you think you would open in Australia? If you think you would open the smaller end you're wrong—just another example of how mixed-up things can be at the other end of the earth.





*An Australian, having eaten several buckets of prawns on Bondi Beach (far left), does not digest them but coughs them up again! He refers to this as "flashing the hash," when it is not hash he is flashing at all, but prawns! It all makes sense to him!*

*"I'm as dry as a nun's nasty, what do you say to a tube of neck oil?" says one Australian (center). "I wouldn't say no," his companion replies. Despite the fact that the latter Aussie has agreed to nothing, they both decide to drink beer instead of oil. It's all part of the crazy backward logic of the Antipodes.*

*This fellow (above) will tell you if you ask him what he has been doing that he has been "shaking hands with the unemployed," when actually he has been in the washroom by himself urinating! Why, any Australian would understand!*

# Gauguin Rediscovered:

**W**HEN PAUL GAUGUIN DIED (of symptoms which sound, to contemporary ears, remarkably like those of AIDS), the local bishop (with whom the profligate artist was not on the best of terms) is reported to have destroyed “all obscene paintings.”

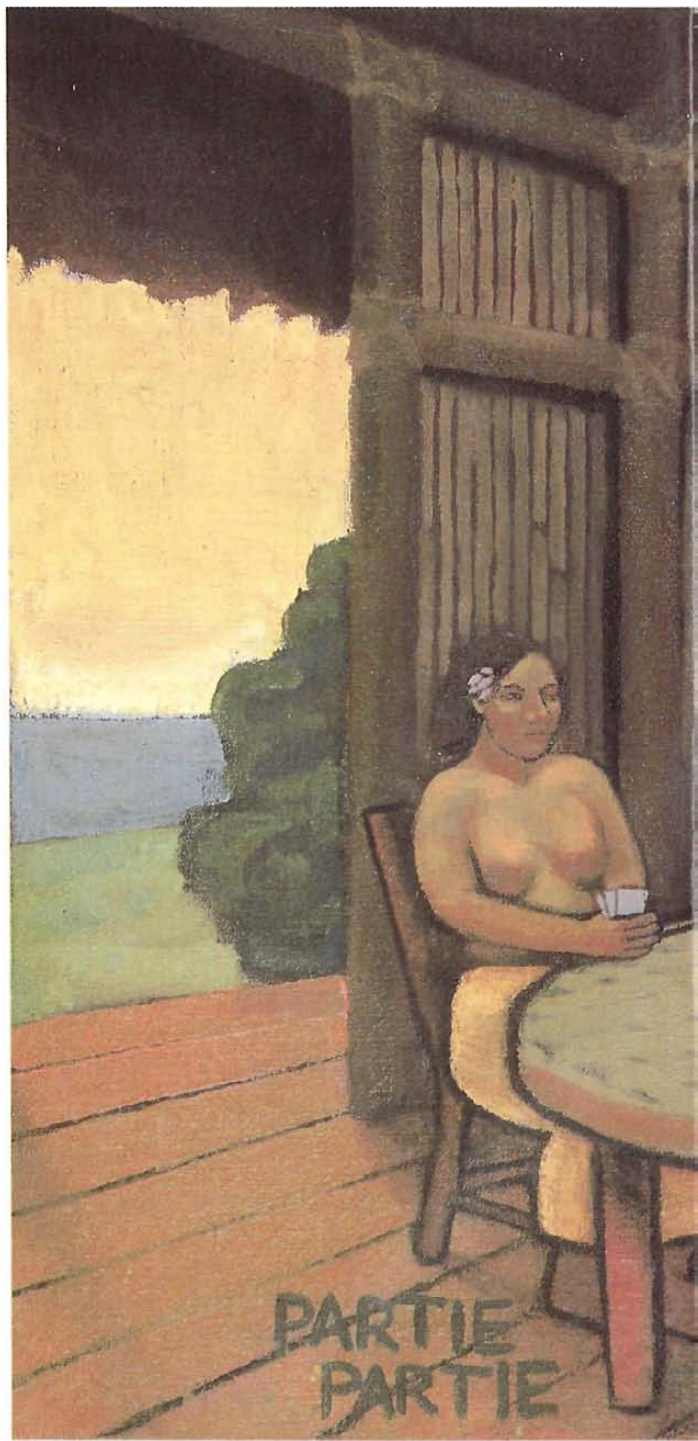
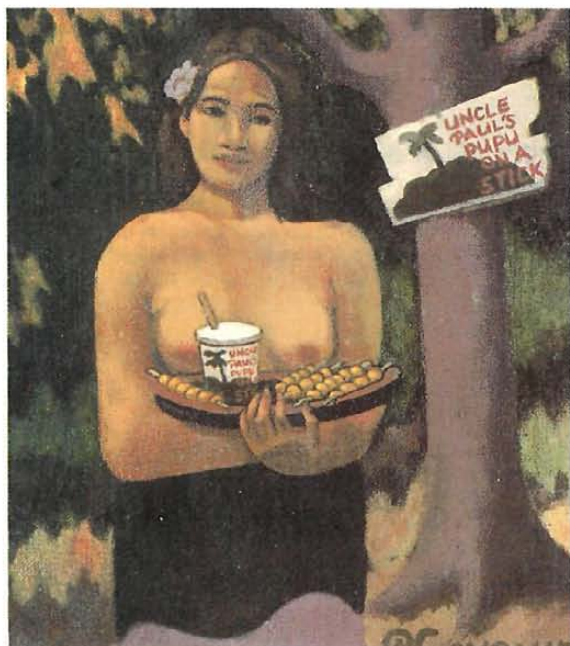
In fact, the canny papist bundled the insalubrious canvases off to Rome, there to adorn the infamous Vatican collection of erotic art.

There, until recently, they have languished, filed alphabetically away between some split-beaver Fragonard swing scenes and Goya’s graphic *Naked Maja with Three Mule Drivers*.

Recently, however, the curator of the Vatican art treasures, in his haste to see that the classics of the collection were refurbished, wrapped, and shipped (FOB) for their tour of American museums, blundered. Somehow, a number of the lusty, primitive—dare one say Fauve?—Gauguin works found their way into that otherwise chaste shipment.

Needless to say, the works were seized by U.S. Customs, where they will remain gathering dust alongside the broken-off penises of Athenian statues and several crates of the Bodley Head *Ulysses*.

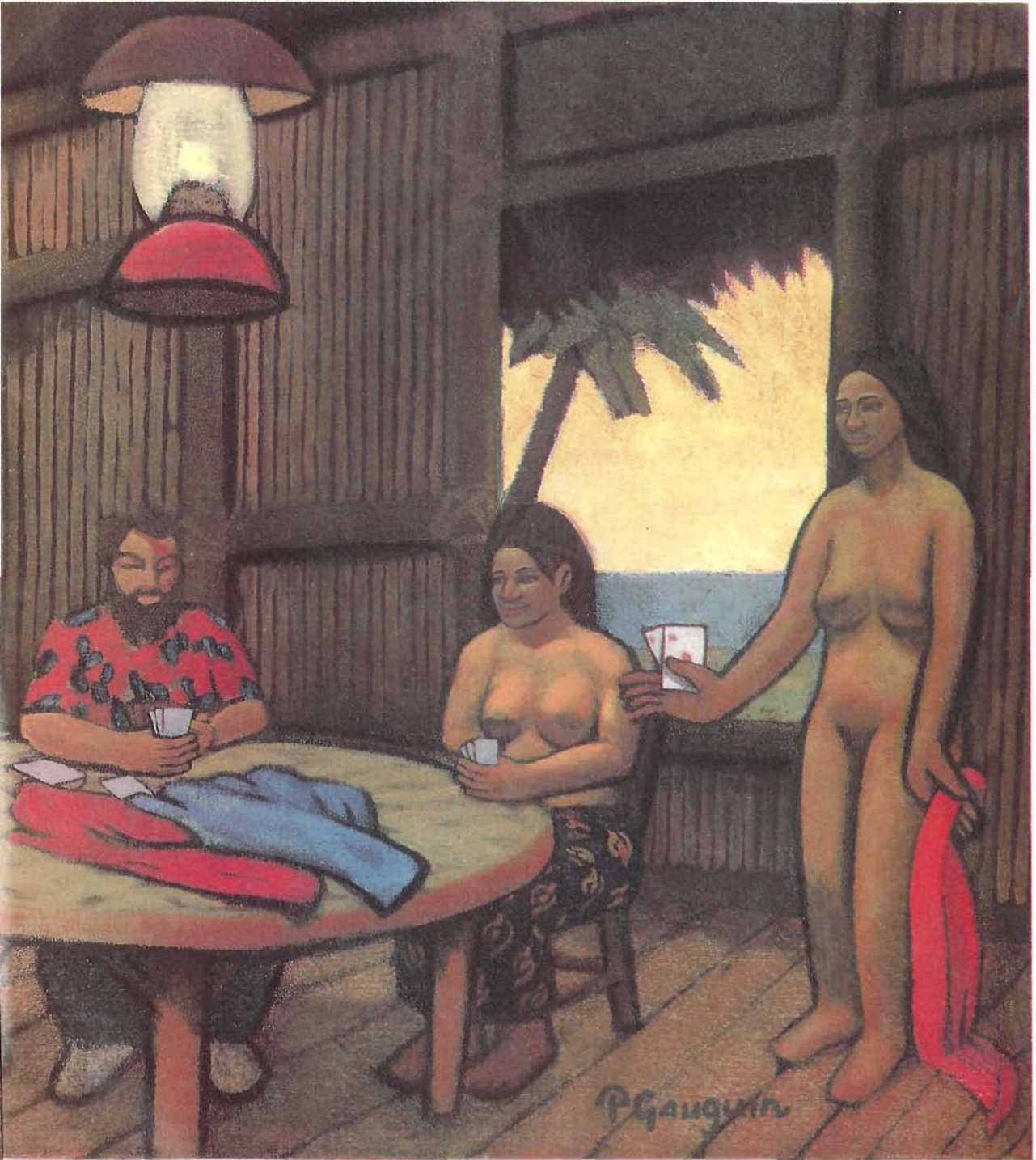
Only these two works have been adjudged fit for public viewing (Parental Guidance is advised).



As he lay dying of leprosy, poverty, and malnutrition, Gauguin dreamed feverishly of women, money, and food. These three ideas he synthesized in his final work (left), a menu cover for the topless fast-food restaurant

# The Lost Works

By F. M. R. VEEP



he planned to establish in his beloved Tahiti.

The unspoiled innocence of the Tahitian native women (above) appealed deeply to the romantic in Gauguin. He enjoyed teaching them to play the game

that the French call "le strip pokair," and laughingly made up the rules as he went along. With their equally uncorrupted fathers, husbands, and brothers, Gauguin played for real money.

# Deep Deep-Sea Fishing

By EDWARD COMMON AGRO-POISON

Photographs by SYLVANNIA STAINSTEIN



*Pressure in the depths of the Deep, Deep Deep is so great that were an older, sour-faced TWA stewardess exposed to it she would be compressed instantly to a waxy, brownish gum small enough to fit in her own personalized lipstick tube.*

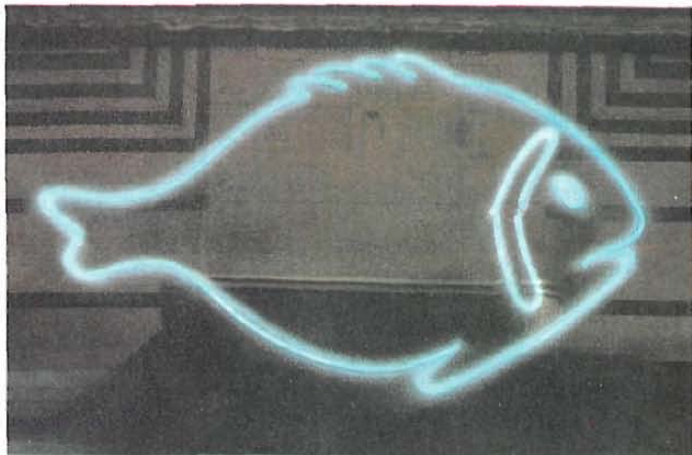
**Y**OU CAN'T BE A MARIANNE if you're going to fish the Marianas deep. In the very deepest depths of the sea are found strangely formed and oddly lit fish. So deep is it that no light reaches them from the ocean's surface miles above. They live under intense pressure, pressure so intense that if Jacques Cousteau were exposed to it he would be instantaneously compacted into a fist-size wad of brownish plasm. Pressure at the depth I am speaking of is so pressureful that if an actor doing a deodorant-soap commercial were to step under a shower nozzle from which water emerged at that pressure the skin and hair would be instantaneously flayed from his head and shoulders, his entire upper skeleton exposed, and the bones themselves pitted, weather sectioned, and dissolved in less time than it has taken you to read the first word in this paragraph. If you adjusted a drinking fountain in a public park so that the water emerged with the kind of pressure under discussion and a mime hired by the city arts council bent over to have a drink, the stream of water would shoot through his head like a nail gun through Saran Wrap. So it stands to reason that the fish down there are going to be strangely formed and oddly lit.

Deep deep-sea fishing is the sport of people who prefer sport to slaughter. People who prefer reeling in their lines and letting out their lines to any other part of the fishing experience. Bait is usually the green luminous jewelry favored by street-corner honk-off artists who'll do you in the front seat of your car in a traffic jam for under eight bucks and can be found in almost any depressed urban area in America, I'm sorry to say.

Fish must be brought to the surface slowly from such great depths so as to allow them to acclimatize themselves to the change in pressure. Were you to bring a ten-pound fish from those depths to the deck of your boat instantaneously the pressure difference would be so great that the fish would explode with sufficient force to reduce you and your boat to a cloud of superheated gas.

How many varieties of fish are to be found in the very depths of the ocean? Nobody really knows. The pressure is so intense at those depths that fish brought to the surface are usually unrecognizable, if they aren't eaten by other fish on the way up. For as you reel in your line from the deep deep-sea regions through the deep-sea regions the simple deep-sea fish (who could not survive for a moment the enormous pressure of the deep deep-sea regions) eat what you've caught.

It is ironic, in a way, that fish from mid-depth should eat other fish who dwell in regions where the pressure is so (*Continued on page 120*)



*A deep deep-sea fish caught by the author and mounted on a board (left). It took four days to reel this baby in, but it was worth it, even though it was virtually shapeless when boated as a result of the pressure change.*

*Bob Rakita, a professional photo retoucher, thinks deep deep-sea fish may look like this (below), based on the author's description of the enormous pressures encountered in the depths of the ocean.*



# ANOCALYPSE NOW!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48)  
tiful likes of our Little Sisters? Hey, can you believe it, Rush is just around the corner. It's never too soon to start talking up the house with your friends, even if they're in other tribes. Remember to stress the true strengths of APO life, which are rules and traditions, plus unity and brotherhood. Be sure to explain that we are the model for the New Cambodia, and not just a bunch of drunks."

There was a belching sound on the tape, followed by laughter. "Well, okay," Whitney said. "this is the Voice of Alpha Pi Omicron signing off. Ekklesia Alpha." Trowbridge winced, and an acidic scowl bent his face as he shut off the player. "I suppose you all recognize what kind of a situation we have here," he said. "This man is a renegade. He's operating a rogue chapter in the middle of a jungle where initiates are dying and Little Sisters are killing wildebeests. After all the years we've spent trying to polish the reputation of social fraternities, gentlemen, this is the last thing we need."

Trowbridge handed the house president a folder containing Xeroxed maps and more photos taken by the French journalist, then locked his valise and moved to the open doorway. He turned slowly toward the group and menaced them with his dull functionary's eyes. "What you've done to Whitney Brown is unforgivable, but what he's doing to Alpha Pi Omicron is unacceptable. You have thirty days to retrieve him and terminate his organization. If you fail, gentlemen, your chapter will be dissolved." Trowbridge left; Gook, Bladder, Ditch, and the Electron were forced to sell off all their food and fly to Southeast Asia, buy a sampan, and sail up the Mekong River.

**T**HE GUY WHO SOLD THEM THE sampan said he ran a small taxi service on the klongs of Bangkok, and that he considered it a most sensational piece of good fortune to have been passing through the lobby of the airport and to have there encountered earnest buyers for the single vessel in his taxi fleet which was entirely depreciated and otherwise available for quick and bargain sale. The man explained that the automatic weapons, grenades, crates of explosives, and satellite maps of Kampuchea in the grain basket under the boat's canopy had been left by passengers and that the serious buyer was welcome to keep them for no additional charge whatsoever.

The four later agreed that the transaction was anything but random sensa-

tional good fortune. The taxi-service guy was CIA, they decided: the CIA must have had a secret stake in the mission. "Fucking guns, fucking amazing!" was, however, the only reaction at the time of the sale, other than the "fucking excellent" uttered by Ditch when a shopkeeper accepted one of the guns in trade for twelve cases of American liquor.

Over half of this liquor was gone by the time the Navigator and High Exchequer of Maritime Suzerainty, Ditch, had guided the sampan up the first of several hundred jags and fingers of the Mekong River. Its banks looked cluttered and smelly, as if some wretched immigrant giant had opened all of his bundles and boxes and dumped them on the ground. Clusters of bamboo burned for no reason, excreting slender spires of black wet smoke. Constellations of abandoned peasant rags dotted the mud and matted weeds. Washed-up jerry cans and bits of lumber wriggled at the water's edge, amid the sewage and the sloggings of occasional fishermen and the spreading wake of a Vietnamese patrol boat.

"Stop for boarding," a Vietnamese captain barked in Vietnamese. Ditch turned toward the loudspeaker and saw a salvaged American PBR muscling close to him. "Fuck. Gooks!" he screamed. "Yeah, well fuck Ditch." Gook responded from inside the sampan's canopy, slurring and with hardly any motor control left at all.

"Not you, Gook. Gook Vietnamese!" Ditch was extremely rattled now; the patrol boat slammed alongside the sampan, and several khaki-uniformed militiamen jumped aboard. "Passports and manifest," one of the men commanded in Vietnamese.

Gook stumbled from the canopy with a bottle of clear liquor in his hand and then threw out his arms. "We're APOs, you candyass. Ekklesia fucking Alpha, you understand? UNDERSTAND?"

Gook swayed to one side, caught his foot on one of the seat planks, and fell overboard. A machine gun on the prow of the PBR drilled several dozen rounds into the water around Gook as one of the boarding party pinned Ditch to the deck. Bladder and the Electron, who were passed out inside the huge grain basket containing all the guns, stirred, but only slightly. Bladder eventually opened the lid a crack. "Gooks!" he whispered to the Electron.

"Gook?" The Electron, still only half-conscious, pulled the trigger on one of the guns next to his body, firing it blindly through the wicker. "Shut up, Gook," he screamed. "You fucking drunk scum."

The entire Vietnamese boarding

party collapsed overboard, two shot in the ribs, one in the thigh. "Who are you calling drunk, you scum?" Gook yelled from his position in the water.

"You just killed three gooks!" Bladder shouted into Electron's ear. "Gook's only one person," the Electron snarled. "You're fucked up and you're seeing triple Gooks." In the meantime the machine gun on the PBR was stitching the length of the sampan with fat holes. "Grenades!" Gook screamed, clinging to the sinking hull. Somehow, Bladder armed a frag bomb and heaved it from the basket to the PBR. It blew the machine gunner ten feet in the air, and bounced the ship's pilot to the rear deck in an unconscious ball.

"Surrender or die, you gook fucks," somebody yelled—probably Bladder, who was now out of the grain basket, lurching around the deck, throwing the rest of the grenades at wounded Vietnamese as they swam for shore. Bladder was completely overloaded now; his eyes were magma; twitching bands of muscle striated his jaws. "Ditch," he ranted, "we gotta get off this boat. We're sinking. We gotta get in the gook boat. We destroyed their ass, Ditch. Gook. Where's Gook?"

"I'm in the gook boat," Gook shouted, hauling himself up a ladder on the stern of the PBR.

"He's in the gook boat," Bladder wheezed to Ditch. "We gotta get in the gook boat." Bladder's frenzy was catching; even the Electron was hyperventilating and sizzling behind the ears from the pure magnificence of kicking the shit out of the Vietnamese Army.

By nightfall Ditch had maneuvered the patrol boat beyond the Delta into the main course of the river. Bladder, Gook, and the Electron had, during this time, appointed themselves to senior council, the highest judicial body in the APO system of government. They were gathered on the stern to hear the case of Bozo W. Rosenberg—the name Bladder had given the non-English-speaking Vietnamese boat pilot who, having regained his senses, now stood charged with every crime against peace and humanity ever described. "Is it true, Mr. Rosenberg, that in 1963 your people attacked an American ship in the Gulf of Tonkin?" Bladder asked with sour, badgering gusts of breath several inches from the prisoner's face. "Guilty," Bladder repeated. "Give me fifty." And so Bozo Rosenberg, the spindly, totally bewildered Vietnamese boat pilot and war criminal, was prodded to the deck for his fifteenth set of fifty push-ups.

The river was narrow and shallow now, disarranged by occasional rapids and dead trees. Moonlight lay in a bright oscillating strip across the peaks

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)





Address *113°50'-114°20' lat.,  
22°10'-22°30' long.*

Premises *Islands and  
adjacent region on the  
mainland of China,  
known as the Territories  
of Hong Kong.*

*China TO England*

STANDARD FORM OF



# Colony Lease



The Real Estate Board of China  
© Copyright 1897. All rights reserved.

Dated *July 25* 18*99*

Rent per Year *£ 1,000,000*

Term

From *July 25, 1899*  
To *July 24, 1998*

STANDARD FORM OF COLONY LEASE  
The Real Estate Board of China

The parties hereto, for themselves, their distributees, administrators, legal representatives, successors, and assigns, hereby covenant as follows:

**Public Access** 1. (a) Residents and their guests shall leave millions of baskets full of live snakes, flayed cow heads, and pulsing, gelatinous organisms of the sea lying about in streets, doorways, corridors, and other places where movement about the premises is likely to be obstructed.

(b) Opium addicts, starvelings, lepers, and other such dispossessed and invalided residents shall, likewise as with the baskets full of snakes and cow heads, leave themselves piled in streets, doorways, corridors, and other places where movement is likely to be obstructed.

**Refuse** 2. Bathrooms, toilets, wash closers, and plumbing fixtures shall be used for all purposes, including the depositing of garbage, the manufacture of industrial chemicals, the cleaning of fish and livestock, the

tines, painted toy horns and automobiles, opium, laundry, and garbage, continuously.

**Projections** 7. Things shall be sticking out of windows, doors, walls, vehicles, rooftops, and everywhere else where long, inexplicable, generally precarious or hazardous objects might possibly obtrude and impinge on the lives of the residents.

**Pets** 8. Millions of animals, including mutant, glowing aquatic species and five-hundred-pound pigs, shall be harbored throughout the premises, in baskets or cages made of sticks, or running around loose, or lying incapacitated in heaps, or scattered in bits on streets or floors after having been killed for food in some extraordinarily cruel and diabolical manner, including but not limited to tiny

PROCESSING OF UPRI... CONTRACTS... ASSISTANCE...

delivers a smart mallet chop to its brain.

**Moving** 9. Residents shall move into and out of their hovels on the premises whenever and however they elect, provided that their belongings are transported entirely on their backs or scattered in hallways or in the streets, except in cases where the resident has no belongings.

**Floors** 10. Floors must be covered with at least 80 percent dirt, or a suitable dirt substitute, such as garbage, bits of eaten pets, and laundry.

**Warranty of Habitability** 11. All sections of this lease are subject to the provisions of the Warranty of Habitability Laws of China. Under those laws, all hovels, streets, corridors, doorways, craters in the streets, and discarded wicker baskets inhabited by humans or their animals, including snakes, pigs, and crinkly ribbons of iridescent sea life having thousands of toxic, virgulate nodes all over them, are, by virtue of their inhabitedness, habitable.

**Care of Colony— 12.** (a) Resident will make every possible effort to grind, incinerate, contaminate, decompose, and otherwise neglect and raze the premises. **End of Lease** (b) All garbage, baskets of snakes, pigs, mashed sparrow carcasses, **Moving Out** opium, laundry, baskets of cow heads, buckets full of expanding and contracting bladder-like ellipsoids of fish life with electro-luminescent tendrils sticking out from their heads, painted tin noisemakers, buzzing and sparking tin automobile toys, and ruined plumbing fixtures remaining on the premises after the lease ends shall become the property of the landlord, which he may eat, toss into hallways and craters in the streets, and otherwise enjoy at his discretion.

**Objectionable Conduct** 13. Residents shall engage in all manner of undesirable and squalid, lubricious conduct, including prostitution, usury, gambling, slavery, smuggling, black marketeering, piracy, currency manipulation, espionage, opium processing, opium selling, opium smoking, opium stupefaction and wandering around and collapsing in corridors and doorways, selling simulated ivory carvings of indescribably ugly fligreed junks, and munching on gleaming, twelve-headed sea anemones in public, holding them bare-handed like snacks.

which may be expected to overload and destroy said bathrooms, plumbings, and toilets, except when the toilet is an irregular trough or crater in the middle of a street, in which case the resident's obligation to overload or destroy it is waived, provided the street is washed away by a typhoon.

**Bathroom and Plumbing** 3. Dirt, sweepings, garbage, and all wastes not forced into plumbing fixtures shall be displayed in windows or pushed through them into streets or any other place where said debris will combine with the baskets of cow heads and piles of opium addicts to obstruct and congest the premises, and, in such combination, manufacture an aroma of sufficient strength and density as to be visible to the naked eye.

**Laundry** 4. Laundered clothing shall be dried continuously on rooftops, fences, balconies, docks, railings, careenages, canopies, piles of cow heads, grave markers, balustrades, bamboo scaffolding, piles of garbage, sampans, temple spires, and in windows, doorways, corridors, bathrooms, alleys, abandoned buildings, places of business, craters in the street, gardens, opium dens, and all other locations exposed or partially exposed to the view of everyone.

**Keys and Locks** 5. The landlord shall not require a passkey so long as the tar-paper, tin, and stick-framed hovels of the residents do not have doors or windows, or if one or two of them do have a door or a window, then so long as the door or window is made of tar paper or chicken wire or other material so flimsy as to not be able to support the weight of a lock, and not be worth locking even if it could.

**Noise** 6. (a) Residents shall assemble painted tin horns, toy clackers, and other mechanical noisemaking devices and blow and twirl them whenever possible.

(b) Residents shall assemble painted tin replications of automobiles, velocipedes, and other novel conveyances, and equip them with cam-operated bells and buzzing, spark-emitting attachments to the transaxles, and then wind them up and race them whenever possible.

(c) Residents shall engage in hooting, screeching street arguments over cow heads, snakes, buckets of spiny, translucent marine globules with phosphorescent inter-

**In Witness Whereof,** Landlord and Tenant have respectively signed and sealed this lease as of the day and year first above written.

Landlord: 我是美

Tenant: Queen Victoria

Witness for Landlord: 伍惠芬

Witness for Tenant: Lord Palmerston

# APOCALYPSE NOW!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62) and corrugations on the water's surface. They were well into Kampuchea. Gook, Bladder, and the Electron lay on the deck half asleep; Ditch was still at the wheel; their Vietnamese prisoner was tethered to an anchor chain singing a phonetic version of "To Know Him Is to Love Him" by the Teddy Bears. Bladder had taught it to him as punishment for the TET offensive. "To-know-know-know-him-is-to-luv-luv-luv-him-and-I-do-yes-yes-yes-and-I-do..." he sang.

"Hey, Rosenberg," someone called out. "Sustain the fucking final 'do,' got that? Sustain it."

"I'll-be-good-to-him-I'll-make-luv-luv-to-him-then-there'll-cum-a-day-whin-I'll-wok-along-side-of-him..." the prisoner continued, and then he stopped. Nobody complained, because the ones who were conscious saw what the prisoner saw—moonlit silver-yellow slivers in the jungle, hundreds of them, all painted up and horrible, dead Khmer pledges dangling from the trees. Ditch cut the engine, and the PBR drifted to a short pier. The only sounds were of the water and pilings thrumming against the hull, and Bozo Rosenberg jiggling his chain.

Suddenly the sky whitened with phosphorus and smoke; it was an unearthly, flat luminescence that burned away the texture of boat paint and planed the carcasses of the dead pledges to shining cylinders of horror. Then, as the flare waned, shadow seeped from its penumbra, filling the fluting and filigree of a domed spire

rising above distant trees. It was apparently a temple spire, although the letters APO were painted gaudily on its shaft. Ditch pointed it out to the rest, and by the time darkness had been restored, Ditch, Bladder, Gook, and the Electron were on land, beneath the immuring jungle canopy and stalactites of hanging dead pledges, wandering clumsily into the nightmare.

Gook looked up at one of the now-darkened figures above him, and it somehow reminded him of Whitney's iconic Islander thermos. Insane questions began to squirm in his brain. "Where did Whitney get that goddamn thermos?" he asked himself. "Did he torture a pledge to death and make it from his corpse? Or maybe these aren't humans at all hanging over my head, maybe they're giant thermoses. What's crazier, owning a couple hundred giant Islander thermoses or killing pledges?"

"You're crazy, man!" a voice trilled from the blackness. Its owner, by the light of another flare, materialized a second later, as did the gaunt, naked creaturehood of the entire Cambodian chapter of APO. It seemed the whole jungle was infested with them, like slaw in a grinder, cold and mindless, closing on the four intruders with ten-foot spears and familiar lozenges cauterized over their hearts. There was still no noise, other than the PBR fussing in the background and nervous janglings of the anchor chain. "Yeah, you're crazy," the lunatic MIA and chapter recording secretary continued. "I mean, that's okay—crazy. Don't get me wrong, we're APO, man. We're all out for craziness, man. We're the best house in Cambodia."

The speaker, who introduced himself as Spec. 4 Curtis "Hyena" Wilcox, USMC, dogged Gook and the others as hundreds of the jungle men herded them into a bamboo cage. "You guys in college, huh? College? College pussy, man, that's the best kind. Grade fucking A. You come to talk to Whitney, huh? Yeah, he figured you guys'd come. He's a pretty smart guy. A college guy, right? Yeah, college smarts, gets you ahead in the world, right? Gets you college pussy, right? APO, man. We're crazy and we get pussy. Little Sisters are comin' over tomorrow night, man. Greek Sing, man. Tomorrow night, man, right here in the fuckin' jungle. Little Sisters and APO, we got a whole fucking musical program worked out. Little Sisters get hot when they sing, man. Yeah, we're gonna root their brains out. Who needs fucking college, right? Right? Not me, man, I'm gettin' pussy tomorrow night. Not you, man, you're in a fuckin' cage."

Bladder glanced between the bamboo bars at chalky dead pledges suspended in the distance and wondered if he would be joining them. "We want to see Whitney Brown," the Electron finally bleated. Hyena pressed his face against the cage and emitted a staccato of hissing sounds that constituted his laugh. "Whitney says you guys are pussies," he shot back. "You're lower than pledges, man. You're nothing."

It was after sunset the next day before the Electron, the mechanical genius, found a way to get out of the cage. Strange choral squealings began to float from the windows and portals of the tendril-strangled temple up the hill. Men's squealings, then women's squealings—jungle people with screeching, cawing, and trilling abilities that were totally incomprehensible. "My Alpha Rose," they sang, phonetically, just like Bozo Rosenberg on the boat. "My-wild-Al-pha-rose-bee-yu-tiful-it-grows-on-the-lawn-of-Ay-Pee-Oh..."

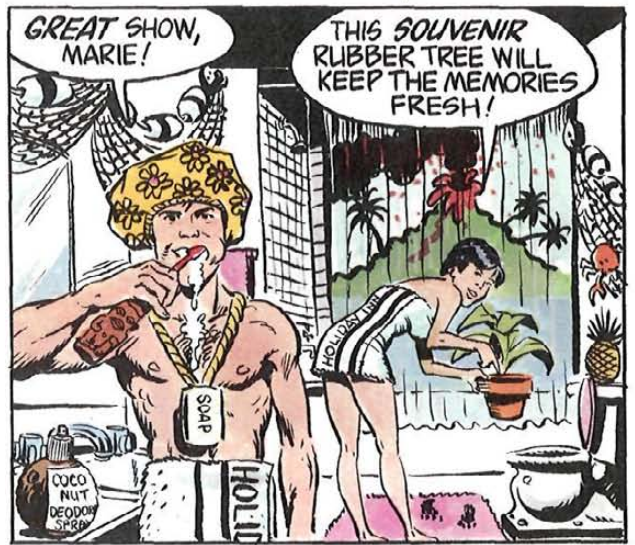
Ditch was elected to perform a reconnaissance, while the others remained in the cage so that passing Khmer savages wouldn't notice anything unusual. "We-are-the-marcheeng-mar-cheeng-Al-pha-men," the men were singing now, loud and robust, as Ditch slinked up the trail. The temple was impressive to him. Its stanchions and carved monsters were crumbling to the ground. Towels hung out of windows to dry. Scraps of food, bones, and skull shards specked its several dozen steps and most of the vestibule. No one was around; everyone was either singing or watching the singing in a large chamber at the rear of the building. "What-goes-up-must-come-

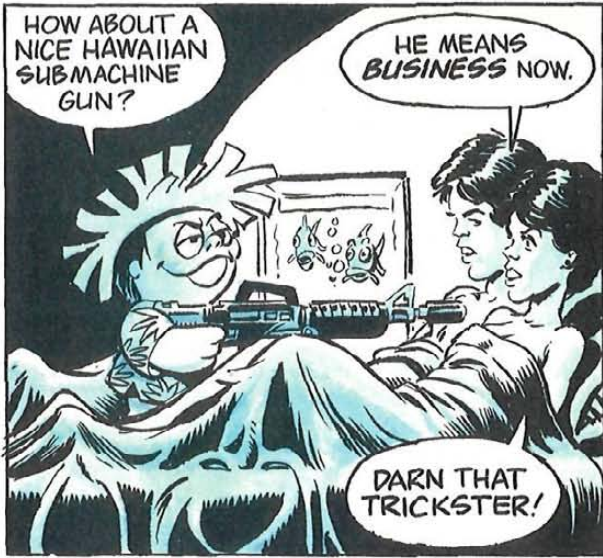
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)



DONNY & MARIE  
 IN  
**REAL GONE**  
**HAWAIIAN GOON!**







HOW ABOUT A NICE HAWAIIAN SUBMACHINE GUN?

HE MEANS BUSINESS NOW.

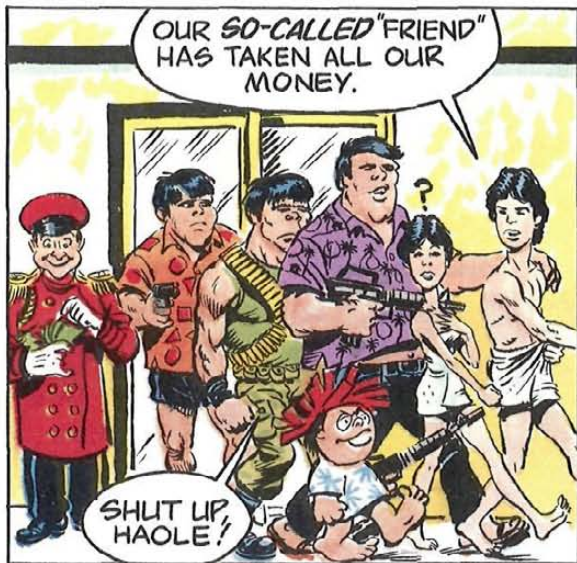
DARN THAT TRICKSTER!



RAT ATAT TAT

SPOOS!

C'MON IN, BOYS....



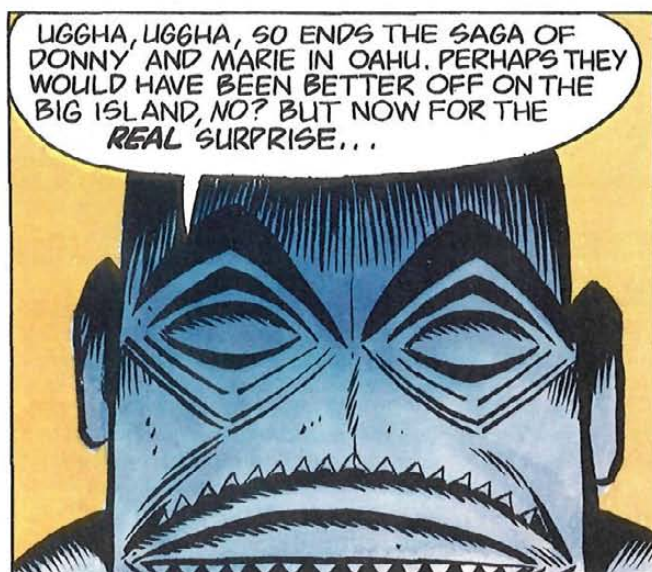
OUR SO-CALLED "FRIEND" HAS TAKEN ALL OUR MONEY.

SHUT UP, HAOLE!



WE'RE DONE FOR NOW!

SHUT UP, DONNY. SIR, MAY I BE YOUR SEX TOY?



UGGHA, UGGHA, SO ENDS THE SAGA OF DONNY AND MARIE IN OAHU. PERHAPS THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF ON THE BIG ISLAND, NO? BUT NOW FOR THE REAL SURPRISE...



I'M A TROPICAL DRINK! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!

NOW GO AWAY...

THE END

## APOCALYPSE NOW!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66)  
down”—the entire vocal force was joined now for a piece of special material—“spin-neeng-wheel-got-to-go-round.”

Ditch had crawled to a balcony overlooking the chamber; Whitney Brown was seated at the front of the audience, groomed, clothed, and tattooed as he was in the Frenchman's photograph. He had his arm around a tiny native woman; she was wearing a sarong and a handwoven golf cap full of beer logos. The Little Sisters, forty or fifty jungle women with APO lozenges burned onto their chests, swayed to their own music—fifty loving, obeisant savages pledged to the happiness of their men, their marching, marching Alpha men.

Whitney applauded fanatically after each song; this was obviously his baby. He then announced to everyone that this had been the best Greek Sing in the history of the fraternity. “Now let's get some pussy!” Hyena shouted from the rear of the room. “Yeah,” the disenfranchised Cambodian prince added. The Little Sisters grinned shyly, and then the Khmer jungle men of APO dragged them outside by their feet for the party. Whitney, however, dragged his girl upstairs to his room, and there, while Whitney arranged her on a pile of reed mats, Ditch made his approach.

“Can I fuck your date?” Ditch asked. Whitney swiveled cautiously; he was invisible in black shadow, save for a dagger of candlelight that flashed across his shoulder. Whitney studied Ditch for a long time, both of them poised still as iconic Negro thermoses. “How do you like the house?” Whitney said.

“Belinda comes over and sits on your bed in her beer hat and rocks back and forth like a mental patient,” Ditch said. “She wants you to come home.”

“When I look at the Brothers here,” Whitney said, involuntarily gnarling his jaw muscles, “the Brothers in this house... I see purity. I see a Brotherhood borne of supreme trial and true accomplishment. Not just push-ups and phone duty and memorizing the names and addresses of everyone in the house and having everyone humiliate you all the time. I'm talking about life and death—pledges who've proven themselves worthy of Greek life by living in cages for six or seven months, or having their ears removed with sharpened sticks, or being tied over stands of bamboo and having it grow through their bodies. Only pledges with genuine character and desire will survive, and by so doing, pass into the Brotherhood of their peers. The rest are pussies. Pussies for dying and pussies for not deserving to be APOs. That's what I mean when I say that I look around this house and I see purity.”

Ditch sat on a small stool and abraded his hands. “Fuck off, Whitney,” he said. “You're an overbearing, worthless candyass, and the only people you can get to like you are proto-literate jungle dinks who eat monkeys and like to kill.” Whitney turned his head away, and then several major things happened in quick succession. First, Gook, Bladder, and the Electron appeared in the room, screaming something about soldiers. Second, a rocket blew the top off the house. Third, Whitney was bashed in the head and dragged back to the PBR. Fourth, a Vietnamese battalion overran the temple. Fifth, Bozo

Rosenberg screamed a lot. Sixth, Bozo responded to pressure to guide the patrol boat back down the Mekong. Seventh, Whitney asked Belinda to the APO Islander.

**T**HE PARTY HAD BEEN POSTPONED just for Whitney. It was the APO way of saying, “We're sorry, Whitney, please forgive us and don't sue us for almost killing you and making you miss three semesters of school.” There was a pervasive feeling that the party would serve as a launching pad for the new relationship between Whitney and his Brothers. The Brothers would treat him as something better than a worthless candyass, and Whitney would expunge the last year from his psyche and act normal and try to be less of a candyass. And that's how it went through the night. Everyone drank and talked and joked with Whitney. They cheered him when he speared a pig in the courtyard—the whole thing was rigged to guarantee Whitney a kill. He had friendly conversations with pledges and spoke to them as human equals. In fact, events went so well that members of the senior council, packed in a bamboo party hooch in the courtyard and drinking from a four-foot retsina bottle, voted to commute the sentence given to Gook, Bladder, Ditch, and the Electron of a thousand years of phone duty. Then they ralphed. “Pledge!” someone screamed automatically. “Clean this up.” But the newly reborn, companionable, and non-asshole Whitney Brown wouldn't have any of that. “It's such a little thing,” he said. “No need to bother the pledges with such a little thing, right, guys?”

Belinda lodged her brown nest of a head in the crook of his arm and beamed. She was so proud of him. “This is the most wonderful day of my life,” she said, draining the last of Whitney's ceremonial Negro thermos. “What?” Whitney asked. “I cunt hear you. I've got an infuction in my ear.” Whitney laughed at his own joke, and Belinda laughed, but not instantly. She'd never heard Whitney so crude before, but the mood of the party and the shine of Whitney's new status made almost anything okay. It was then that she realized that Whitney's joke applied not to his own ear, but to a string of freshly severed ones he was dangling next to his savage, flashing grin. Belinda's laugh reorganized itself as a half smile, then became a horrific contortion as a dozen pledges, chained to a furnace in the basement, pressed their hands against their gushing ear holes as if to shut out their own terrifying screams of pain. “They're Brothers now,” he said, and then he ralphed and passed out.



*“We are a very poor country, and we can't afford to buy electrodes for your testicles.”*



# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

Sirs:

Straighten me out if you could. I've been keeping a careful record of all the great rock and pop stars who've died since the late sixties. I have only one question: when exactly did Bob Dylan die?

Bob Dylan  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Sirs:

Hey, but seriously, you've been a great audience, and I'd just like to leave you with this one little thought: Cheeseballs from Outer Space. Hey, all right, you maniacs!!!!!!!

The New Breed of Comic  
*Live, at Jimmy Day's  
Basement Full of Shtick*

Sirs:

I can't believe that no one else has noted the remarkable similarities between E.T. and President Abraham Lincoln. Here are a few that I've spotted:

Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theatre and seen by doctors in the house across the street. E.T. was shot in the house

across the street (or one that looks just like it) and seen by doctors who came to the theater in Fords.

"E.T." and "A.L." Vowel followed by consonant. Pretty eerie!

Lincoln grew up in Indiana. E.T.'s home planet is called "Indiana."

E.T. is four feet six inches tall. Lincoln was six feet four inches tall, or thereabouts.

Both were succeeded by a man named Johnson.

Offhand, I'd say Steve Spielberg is trying to tell us something. If you think of any more let me know.

Bobby Fan  
*Anaheim, Calif.*

Sirs:

Why did the Iranian divorce his wife and marry an outhouse? Because the hole was smaller and the smell wasn't so bad.

A Red-blooded American

Sirs:

Everyone knows that the hobby of retired sailors is putting sailing ships inside those little bottles. But did you know that the hobby of retired pimps is putting old whores inside bottles? It's

true. Of course, the bottle is a hell of a lot bigger, but it's just that much more fun emptying out the booze.

Jackson M. de Ville  
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Dear People:

Please come to the opening of my new show at The Woman's Space Gallery. It's a sequel to my exhibit, "The Dinner Party." I call it "The Log Dam." It features ceramic, cloth, and wood portrayals of famous women as beavers building a dam out of long straight logs. The Sarah Bernhardt beaver, for instance, features a little furry beast flying on top of a timber, and the Gertrude Stein beaver features a fat one nibbling away at a rose.

Judy Chicago  
*Soho*

Sirs:

Jesus Christ here. Well, this is it. The second coming you've all been waiting for. Didn't expect me to show up in the form of a letter? Well, I work in mysterious ways. But I'm here, and that's the important thing, so let's stop fighting and love each other. Amen.

Jesus Christ



## How could a condom so thin be so strong?

You're looking at an unretouched photograph of a typical Sheik® condom being used in a rather untypical way.

We may be stretching a point, but we're doing it to prove that a condom doesn't have to be thick to be safe.

Measuring a thin three one-thousandths of an inch, Sheik condoms offer the perfect balance of strength and sensitivity.

If they were any thinner, you wouldn't feel quite so safe. Any thicker and you wouldn't feel all there is to feel.

How were we able to achieve such a perfect balance? By not compromising on the quality of our materials or our testing procedures.

In fact, Sheik condoms are actually tested up to seven different times by advanced scientific techniques—including individual

electronic testing.

Yet, with all their strength, Sheiks feel so natural you'd swear you weren't wearing a condom at all.

*Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed,  
Reservoir End, and Plain End.*  
Schmid Products Company, Little Falls,  
New Jersey.

### Sheik

The strong, sensitive type.

# Leroux & Brew.

Smooth and easy partners, Leroux Peppermint Schnapps and crisp chilled beer. The glow of the schnapps with the icy cold of the brew is smooth and easy all the way, uniquely delicious. Discover the drink that's sweeping the country. And always ask for Leroux. Its great natural taste always comes through.

## Leroux Schnapps

Peppermint • Spearmint • Cinnamon

Once you've tasted Leroux no other schnapps will do.



Sirs:

I want to tell you something. Something that's made life more pleasant and less dangerous for me. Maybe for you, too. Okay. It used to be that when I'd make an "obscene" phone call, right, I'd get maybe half a raise before the person answering either hung up or, you know what they'd do sometimes, they'd, like, blow a whistle into the receiver. It's rough beating off when your ears are hurting. And I mean real pain. So this is what I do now. I wait until the person I'm gonna call isn't home, see, then I dial the number. Okay. So the phone's ringing, and I start imagining why it's taking the bitch so long to get to the phone. Is she taking a bubble bath? *Rrring!* Is she shaving her pubic region? *Rrring!* Does she have ice cubes up her cunt? *Rrring!* What the fuck's taking her so long? *Rrring!* Does she have football players in her apartment, humping and thumping and pumping? *Rrring!* Go on, do it with the whole team! *Rrring!* Baby!

You know, it, like, puts you in control. Plus, I don't think it's illegal. Your pal,  
Arnie

Sirs:

Hell, I'd be damned lucky if I even got a chance to shit in the woods.

Grizzly Bear  
San Diego Zoo

Sirs:

I've done everything. I've been everywhere. I've met everyone. I know everything. Isn't there some sort of congressional medal I can apply for?

George F. Finklebustler, Jr.  
Groverstown, N.J.

Sirs:

Spencer Tracy once said that the secret to acting is to remember your lines and not bump into any furniture. Well, that's fine for Spencer Tracy, but I happen to be a struggling actor with permanent amnesia and a severe case of the spastics. The last play I was in I nearly killed myself when I ran straight into a marble column trying to get away from some nut in a bed sheet who was trying to stab me to death.

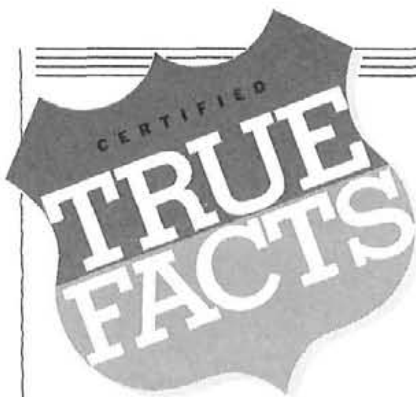
Sir Laurence Oliveloaf  
*I forget*

Sirs:

Does anyone know Arnold Palmer's number? I've got a PGA groupie up in my room and she's an absolute nympho. I figure Arnold might know what's par on that hole.

Lee Trevino  
Daytona Beach

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 80)



**P**OLICE ARRESTED GIORGIO Spiller, an art teacher, for carrying out acts "contrary to public decency" in the Piazza San Marco during a carnival in Venice, Italy. Wearing a six-foot-high, red plastic costume at the time of his arrest, Spiller claimed to be dressed as a penis, but he objected to the arrest, pointing out that there had been no problem during the previous year's carnival, which he had attended dressed as a vagina. *The Guardian* (contributed by Henry J.E. Nowak)

NEW YORK STATE POLICE ARRESTED John Kronau, twenty-five, of Avriil Park, New York, for disorderly conduct after he frightened a bank teller at the Troy Savings Bank in East Greenbush. Kronau allegedly handed the teller an envelope and a note that read: "Don't be alarmed. This is a bank deposit. Please take the money out of the envelope and put it in the bank." *AP* (contributed by Kathleen Davis)

THE REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES has tested a newly developed "coconut bomb" it describes as stronger than ordinary dynamite. The Philippines News Agency said that a six-pound coconut bomb had been detonated in a four-foot hole covered with fifty bags of gravel. The bags of gravel were torn open, and debris was flung as far as six hundred feet away, according to the report, which pointed out that the declining Philippines coconut industry was anxious for new coconut sales opportunities. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by John Jackson)

THE NATIONAL SHOE RETAILERS ASSOCIATION honored Larry Joldin for being the nation's leading shoe salesman. Joldin, thirty-nine, works at Reyers Shoe Store in Sharon, Pennsylvania, a town of 18,000, where Joldin sold 9,000 pairs of shoes last year.

"I don't know anybody who can sell \$5,000 worth of shoes in one day," said Reyers president Harry Jubelirer. "There are weeks when he has sold

\$13,000. He has sold over \$46,000 in one month—nobody does that!"

Joldin, a salaried employee who earns no commissions, was given a fifty-dollar bond and a plaque by the association. *UPI* (contributed by Duck Divet)

TASHA DRESSLER, FIFTEEN, AND HER sister Heather, thirteen, went before a judge in Mifflintown, Pennsylvania, claiming they were "disadvantaged" because they had no middle names and were thus unable to buy three-initial monogrammed sweaters. "I have sweaters with my first name," explained Tasha, "but I never thought a monogram would look right with just two initials." *USA Today* (contributed by Rita Ross)

AT THE SCENE OF AN ATTEMPTED BURGLARY in a Miami, Florida, pharmacy, police found an artificial leg, a pair of pants, and two shoes. A block away from the store, officers found one-legged Thomas Lawrence Kloo, twenty-nine, who was missing his shoes, trousers, and prosthesis. Kloo denied any knowledge of the burglary attempt, explaining that he lived on the streets and often stored "personal items" around the neighborhood. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (contributed by Bruce Ballash)

NOTING THAT IT IS CHEAPER TO PAY for a college education than a prison term, Carlsbad, New Mexico District Judge Harvey Fort sentenced twenty-seven-year-old Debbie Black Barrett to six years in college. Barrett was charged with kidnapping, armed robbery, and

aggravated assault in connection with the wounding of her husband, David Barrett.

Commenting on the forty-dollar-a-day cost of maintaining an inmate in New Mexico state prisons, Judge Fort said, "I'd like to send them all to Harvard." *AP* (contributed by Mark Hooker)

ALIS MCCURDY, A MOTHER WITH TWO grown children, has sued United Airlines for failing to supervise two male passengers on a December 17, 1980, flight from Los Angeles to New York. According to McCurdy, two young men paraded naked up and down the aisles of the aircraft. She claims they "talked and sang in a loud and raucous manner, used obscene language and gestures," and at one point touched her breast. When a flight engineer was asked to deal with the situation, charges McCurdy, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Boys will be boys." *UPI* (contributed by Maurie Bennett)

SCIENTISTS WITH THE NATIONAL CENTER for Atmospheric Research in Boulder, Colorado, have reported that termites digesting vegetable matter on a global basis produce more than twice as much carbon dioxide as all the world's smokestacks. In an article in the journal *Science*, the researchers claim there are three-quarters of a ton of termites for every person on earth, and that those termites also account for 150 tons of methane gas released into the atmosphere each year. But even that figure fades to insignificance next to an estimate by a University of Maryland sci-

## Photo for Thought *Tom Ballard, McMinnville, Oreg.*



entist who claims that the practice of fattening cattle for market adds eighty-five million tons of methane gas to the atmosphere annually by promoting bovine flatulence. *New York Times* (contributed by Jim Glab)

DURING A RADIO INTERVIEW, ROCCO Quattrocchi, Rhode Island state Democratic chairman, was asked about the election prospects of two Republican candidates for office. He told the interviewer that the rival politicians were "standing very precariously on thin water." *Providence Sunday Journal* (contributed by Hugh Danielson)

ACCORDING TO AUTHORITIES IN Bellingham, Massachusetts, Norman H. Lawton, thirty, was charged with assault and battery with a dangerous weapon and attempted murder after he struck his twenty-seven-year-old wife, Norma, on the head with a pet rock. *AP* (contributed by Donald Chambers)

ACCORDING TO A LOCAL NEWSPAPER in Coudersport, Pennsylvania, the Potter County Cooperative Extension Service sponsored an evening program featuring the film *American Sheepman—A Way of Life*, and two slide

shows, "Fitting and Showing the Sheep" and "Sheep Castration." The program was called "Sheep Awareness Night." (contributed by Greg Clark)

A MAN FOUND STRANGLED TO DEATH in downtown Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, was identified as forty-seven-year-old Emile Longneck. *Star-Phoenix* (contributed by Locke Lonsdale)

TWO WASHING MACHINES WERE destroyed and four others damaged when an explosion ripped through the Coin-Wash Launderette in Brampton, Ontario, Canada. The blast occurred after Kathleen Dares tried to loosen the tar stains on her boyfriend's clothes by pouring a quart of gasoline into the washing machine. *CP* (contributed by Mark Edlund)

THE *PACIFIC PRINCESS*, THE CRUISE ship featured on the television show "Love Boat," failed an inspection by the U.S. Public Health Services in Miami, Florida. According to U.S. health officers, the California-based ship scored only 52 points out of a possible 100. A score of 85 is considered passing.

Among the conditions cited on the

Love Boat were cockroaches in the main galley, improperly washed dishes, and a cook who handled poached eggs with his bare hands. *UPI* (contributed by Greg Zurka)

JOHN ARKO AND JACK BISGARD, TWO former police officers, have been awarded \$18,500 each plus \$222 a week in workmen's-compensation benefits for mental disability. Arko and Bisgard claimed that because of their undercover work for the police, they became addicted to cocaine and marijuana. *Toronto Globe and Mail* (contributed by Tim Thibeault)

IN HER RECENT CAMPAIGN AGAINST cigarette smoking, Brooke Shields is quoted as having said, "Smoking kills. If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life." *Sacramento Bee* (contributed by Brendan Green)

THE FOLLOWING ANNOUNCEMENT was printed in a newspaper for Peace Corps volunteers in Sierra Leone, West Africa: "In keeping with the tradition established in previous years, the American Community in Sierra Leone will celebrate July 4th on February 21st." (contributed by Peter Warnock)

## True Magazine Rack

**BLOOD**  
The Journal of  
The American Society of  
Hematology

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*Dave Hendrick, Sacramento, Calif.*



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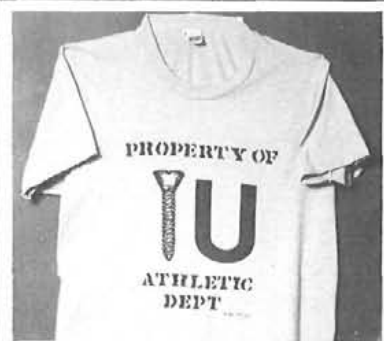
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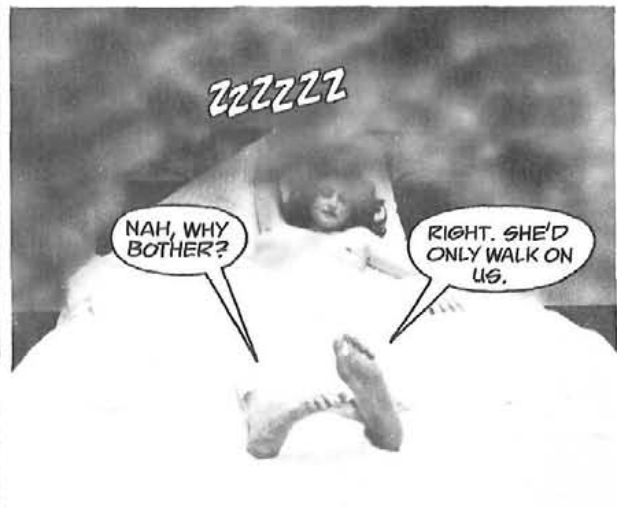
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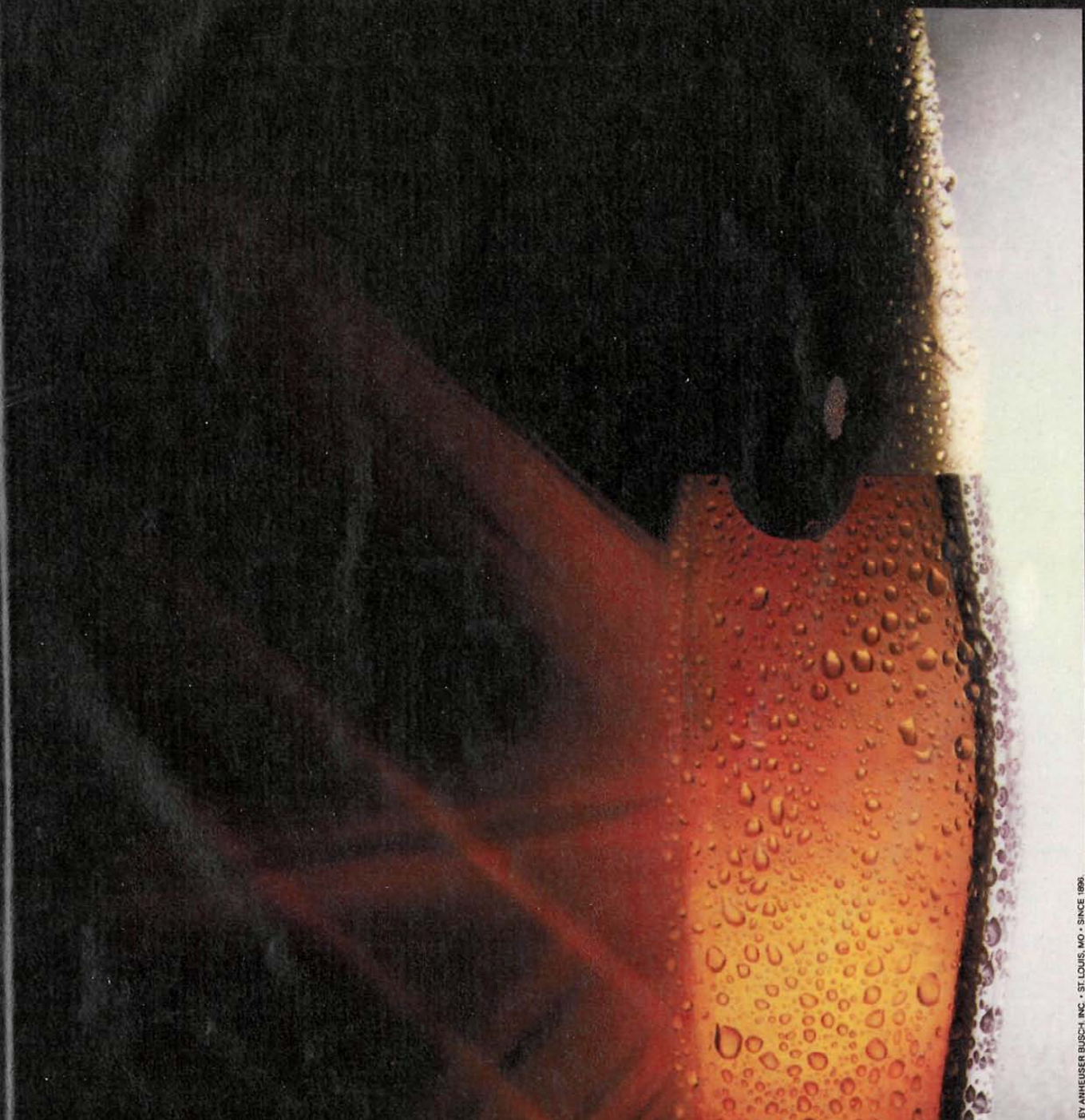
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This month and every month  
from the pages of

## Lies of Margaret Mead Magazine

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## LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72)

Sirs:

I'm distraught. Several years ago I underwent a sex-change operation. A month ago I married a wonderful young man I've been dating since last April. So far I've been able to keep my past life a secret. But what will happen if he should rifle through the freezer one day and my dick falls out?

Mrs. Dina McCarthy  
Poplar, N.J.

Sirs:

I dump in my pants; therefore I am.

Al Goldstein  
"Screw" Magazine  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Frankly, I think your piece on black actors in the early days of television overstated the difficulties encountered by Afro-American actors and actresses in the fifties and early sixties. Shirley Booth is, I agree, a talented comic actress, but your assertion that she was relegated to the role of the maid on TV's "Hazel" because she was black is patently absurd! You'd better check your facts, man. According to Miss Booth's poignant autobiography, *Black Star Rising*, published in 1966 at the height of the civil rights movement (and, I might add, ghostwritten by the then unknown Alex Haley), the producers of "Hazel" (none other than Sly Stone and baseball great Satchel Paige) originally offered her the role of Mrs. B., but Booth turned it down. She thought that by playing the role of Hazel she might lend dignity to domestic service, a profession that many of her brothers and sisters had taken by necessity but ennobled through dedication.

Ron Rexrode  
Escondido, Calif.

Sirs:

No truth to the rumor that I've agreed to host the first annual herpes telethon for WPIX, tho' I would if somebody asked me to! I'll do anything anyone asks me to do!

Jaye P. Morgan  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

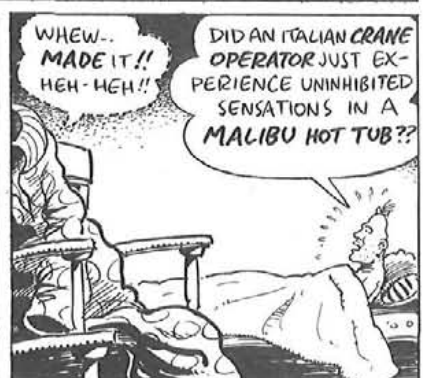
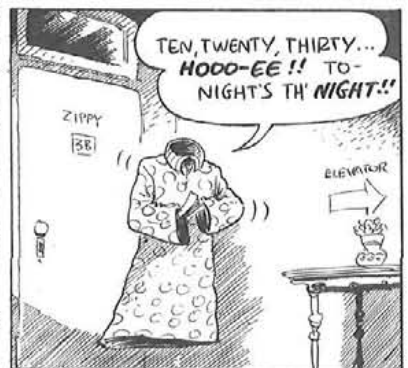
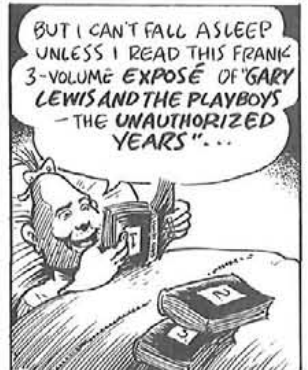
We can put a man on the moon, but we can't get our priorities straight enough here on earth to send up a satellite to study Halley's Comet. What kind of double standard is this?

A Concerned Scientist  
Cape Canaveral, Fla.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 90)

# FUNNY PAGES

## ZIPPY DRESS-CIRCLE



# TROTS AND BONNIE



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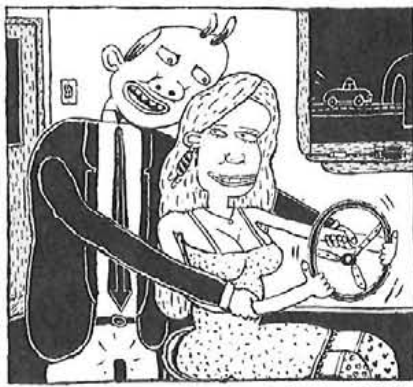
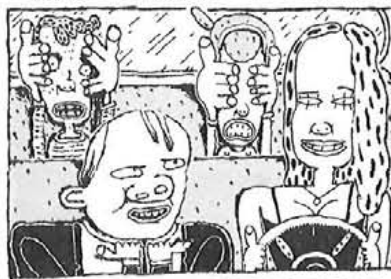
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## POPULAR PROBLEMS

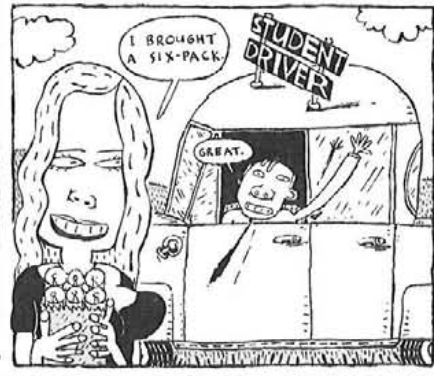
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**MR. EVANS WAS TOUGH ON EVERYONE IN OUR DRIVING CLASS EXCEPT RENÉE.**

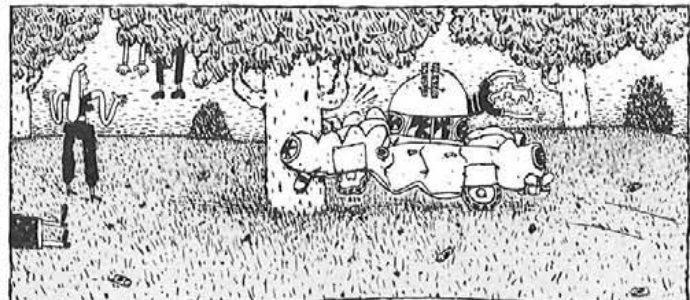


**IN THE CLASSROOM HE GAVE HER SPECIAL ATTENTION.**

**HE OVERLOOKED HER MISTAKES ON THE ROAD.**



**I FAILED THE CLASS FOR GOING THROUGH A YELLOW LIGHT. SO DID MOST OF THE CLASS.**



**RENEE'S ACCIDENT LOWERED HER GRADE TO AN A**

# RAY and JOE - THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

**THE STORY:**  
 TO FACILITATE MOVING HIS DEAD FRIEND ABOUT, RAY PUTS ROLLERSKATES ON HIM AT A BAR, WHILE RAY IS IN THE MEN'S ROOM, A BARFLY NAMED TILLIE WHEELS THE DEAD JOE ACROSS THE STREET TO HER HOTEL. THE BARTENDER WARNS RAY ABOUT TILLIE'S HERPES INFECTION, THE TYPE 5X STRAIN!

## THE LOBBY OF THE ST. CLAIR HOTEL

DID A WOMAN COME IN HERE PUSHIN' A GUY WHO HAD ON ROLLERSKATES?  
 WAS THE GUY AROUND 40, BALDING, A STRIPED SUIT, DARK TIE, GLASSY EYES, MOUTH WIDE OPEN, AND SORTA DEAD?



## YEAH, THAT'S HIM!

HE'S WITH TILLIE - DOWN THE HALL-ROOM 5 AND DON'T TOUCH HER DOORKNOB WITH YOUR BARE HAND - USE A HANDKERCHIEF! SHE'S GOT HERPES, TYPE 5X!

HERE'S THE ROOM - IF SHE GIVES JOE THAT 5X HERPES I'LL...  
 ...DARLIN', I HOPE YOU AIN'T TOO TIPSY TO HAVE A GOOD TIME...

I KIN SEE YOU'RE THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE, BIG BOY... HEY, WON'T YOU BE MORE COMFORTABLE IF YOU TAKE OFF THOSE ROLLERSKATES? HERE - LET ME UNBUCKLE THE ANKLE STRAPS...

I GOT THE KEY, LADY!

...AND NOW HE'S GOT HERPES, TYPE 5X, SINCE HE USED HIS BARE HAND ON THE DOORKNOB...  
**...CONTINUED**

HOLY MACKEREL! SHE THINKS JOE'S ALIVE BUT DRUNK...



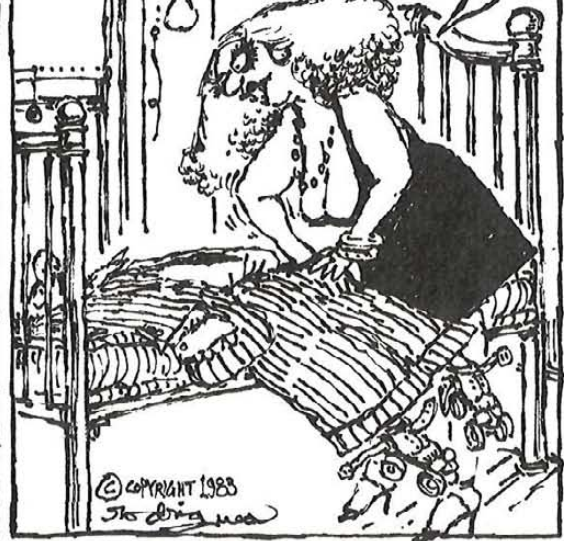
WHY D'YA KEEP ROLLIN' AWAY, SWEETIE? IS IT 'CAUSE YOU'RE SHY? C'MERE, YOU GREAT BIG HUNK OF MAN!



...THERE! NOW THE OTHER ANKLE... OKAY, GIVE ME YOUR SKATE KEY SO I KIN UNLOOSEN THE SHOE CLAMPS... WAAT POCKET DO YOU KEEP IT IN, SWEETIE?



I WENT THROUGH ALL YOUR POCKETS, HONEY, WHERE'S THE SKATE KEY?



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 Joe Diggs

Mimi Pond's  
**Famous Waitress**  
SCHOOL  
TODAY'S LESSON  
*Sex and the Single Waitress*  
MIMI POND © 1983

IF YOU SEE A "HOT NUMBER" DO NOT LOSE YOUR "COOL."  
HI! I'M YOUR WAITRESS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE WHAT'S NOT ON THE MENU?

NEVER FORGET THAT YOU ARE A PROFESSIONAL WAITRESS.  
*Wrong!*  
BEFORE I BRING YOU YOUR ORDER, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY MOTHER. MOM, THIS IS MY FIANCEE. OH, I MEAN, MY CUSTOMER, HEH HEH...  
BETTY HAS TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU. WOULD YOU LIKE MORE COFFEE?  
DEAR, GET HIM SOME COFFEE.

YOUR FIRST DUTY IS TO PROMOTE THE SALE OF GOOD FOOD.  
*Right!*  
YOU KNOW, WE SERVE AWFULLY GOOD PIE HERE... MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH. GOOD. I MEAN REALLY GOOD. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

# FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

**LESSON # 5-L**  
**DRAWING LEFT-HANDED**  
THE RIGHT-HANDED COMIC ARTIST SHOULD PRACTICE DRAWING LEFT-HANDED IN CASE HE LOSES HIS RIGHT HAND TO ACCIDENT, DISEASE, WAR, OR ATROPHY. STUDY THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLES CAREFULLY, AND REMEMBER, PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT!

LEFT-HANDED DRAWING BY RIGHT-HANDED COMIC ARTIST. NO PRACTICE.

LEFT-HANDED DRAWING BY RIGHT-HANDED COMIC ARTIST. 2 HOURS' PRACTICE.

**RICK GEARY**  
©1983  
THIS MONTH:  
IN JAIL.

FOR SOME REASON, WE FIND OURSELVES IN THE COUNTY JAIL...

NOT SUCH A BAD PLACE. YOU GET YOUR OWN LITTLE ROOM.

MANY FOLKS, IN FACT, SEEM EAGER TO GET IN.

ON ONE SIDE: A SKILLED FORGER.

ON THE OTHER: A FATHER-SON TEAM.

PLENTY OF BEST SELLERS TO READ...

NOT TO MENTION THE FINEST TELEVISION PROGRAMS.

AND SOMETHING I DIDN'T EXPECT: FRESH PASTRIES BROUGHT TO EACH CELL.

NO IDEA AS TO WHEN WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE, IF EVER.



Xico "X," the most skillful secret agent of all of Mexico, encounters a Soviet Russian policeman full of gratitude for the police car Xico "X" modified for him.



How about a gratuitous and comradely lift, my friend?



I'll get out around the corner...



...and sneak to my destination.

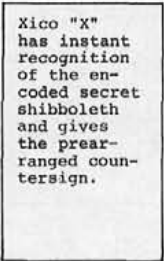
Xico "X" completes his subterfuge masterfully, no one being the wiser that he has covertly skulked to...



...the All-Coffee Restaurant!

Hey, baby, you seen Mr. Subterraneo?

No, I am a "food handler only."



Xico "X" has instant recognition of the encoded secret shibboleth and gives the prearranged countersign.



The clandestine waitress leads Xico "X" to a rendezvous.



We will hear Mr. Subterraneo's recording on my personal automotive tape player.



Nice unit, baby.



Mind if I check it out?



Suddenly Xico "X" becomes concerned and must flee.

Hey, you! Adios!



Hello, my friend! Is this a personal tape player under your arm?

Trouble for Xico "X"?



Chunt Mary's KITCHEN

M.K. BROWN © 1983

HELLO? POLICE? THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! IT SEEMS I HAVE A VERY ODD TV REPAIRMAN IN MY HOME RIGHT NOW, AND I THINK HE'S A ZOMBIE OR SOMETHING

YON! OUCH!



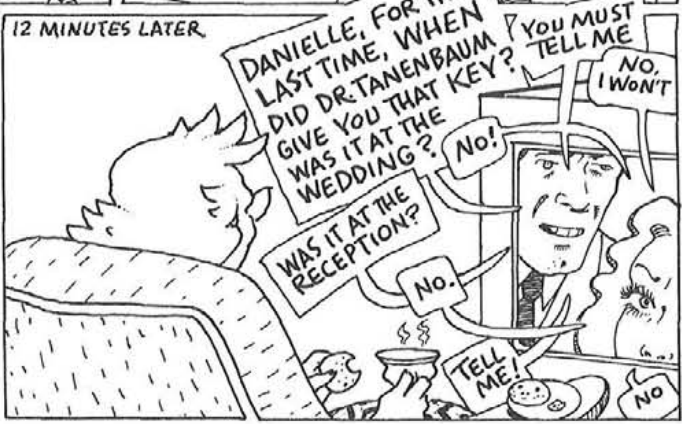
SOUNDS LIKE A \$150 TO ME, MA'AM! I'LL SEND SOMEONE RIGHT OVER! WHO IS THIS?



WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

OH! EXCUSE ME, MADAM. I'LL BE, UM, LEAVING NOW BECAUSE YOUR TV IS FIXED. HERE IS MY BILL.

HERE IS MY BILL \$51.50 Thank you



12 MINUTES LATER

DANIELLE, FOR THE LAST TIME, WHEN DID DR. TANENBAUM GIVE YOU THAT KEY WAS IT AT THE WEDDING?

YOU MUST TELL ME NO, I WON'T

NO! WAS IT AT THE RECEPTION?

NO.

TELL ME!



# King of the Castle

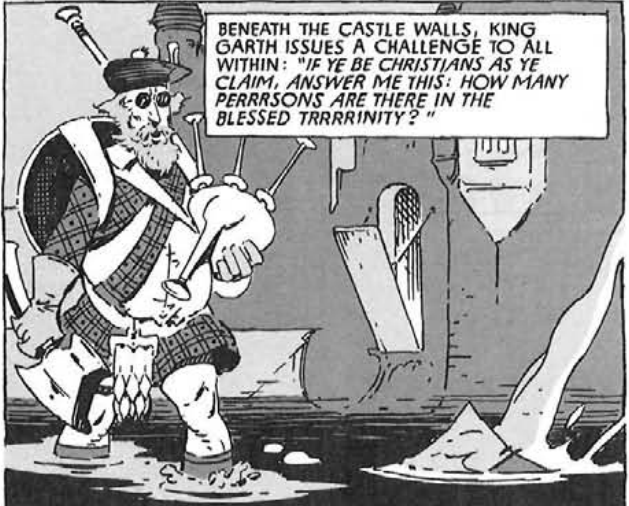
IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD  
AND CONDOMS NOT INVENTED  
Story: Sean Kelly and Ted Mann  
Art: P. Craig Russell Lettering: Tom Orzechowski



THUS FAR OUR STORY:  
THE BLIND CRUSADER, KING GARTH OF SCOTLAND, BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE IN THE HOLY LAND, AND NOW PREPARES FOR BATTLE WITH THE INFIDEL. "YE HA'E TH' OPTION O' CONVERTIN' TO THE CHRISTIAN FAITH, OR DEATH BY MY UNCO BLESSED STEEL," HE HOWLS.



"I HA'E NE'ER MET THE LIKES O' YON ADAMANT HERETICS!" MUMBLETH HIS MAJESTY AS HE STUMBLETH TOWARD THE WHITE CASTLE OF SIR WILLIAM KING, BART.



BENEATH THE CASTLE WALLS, KING GARTH ISSUES A CHALLENGE TO ALL WITHIN: "IF YE BE CHRISTIANS AS YE CLAIM, ANSWER ME THIS: HOW MANY PERRRRSONS ARE THERE IN THE BLESSED TRRRRRINITY?"



SIR WILLIAM SUMMONS HIS THEOLOGICAL ADVISER AND CONFESSOR, ABBOT COSTELLO, PRIOR OF THE PERPETUALLY INEBRIATED NASTURTIUMS. THE ABBOT HAS A READY REPLY.



WELL-ADVISED BY THE SUBTLE IF BESOTTED ABBOT, SIR WILLIAM KING, BART., ANSWERETH TO THE BESIEGING CRUSADER BELOW:

"SIX IS THE NUMBER OF PERSONS IN THE BLESSED TRINITY, BY MY FAITH!"

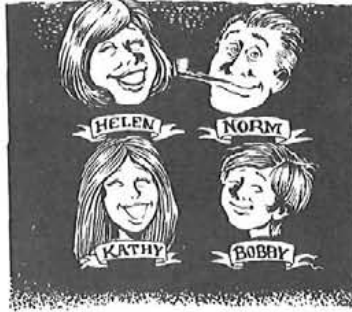


"WRONG, YE SARACEN DOGS!" CRIETH BLIND KING GARTH OF SCOTLAND IN HIS WRATH. "IT'S FIVE AT THE VERRY MOST!" AND HE VOWS TO REMAIN UNTIL HE HAS REDUCED THE CASTLE TO RUBBLE!

NEXT MONTH: THE ARRIVAL OF SAMUEL THE AMUSING

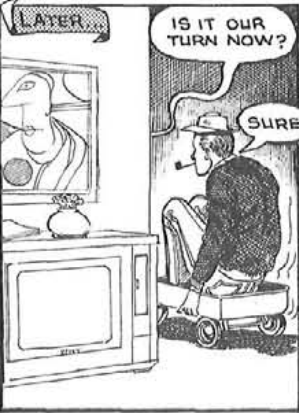
# THE APPLETONS

A Saga of an American Family



by B.K. Taylor

MR. APPLETON AND THE CHILDREN ARE BIDDING MRS. APPLETON GOOD NIGHT AS SHE LEAVES FOR HER CERAMICS CLASS.



# SICK BUT FUNNY



A brand new NATIONAL LAMPOON comedy record album, including *Inside Jane Fonda, Marilyn Monroe Reborn, A Tribute to "Annie," Godspcak, A Night in Central Park, Apocalypso Now,* and other very funny bits. Featuring our new wave of outrageously talented comedy players.

It's a hilarious, sick, wicked, nasty...funny look at the world, its failings, and its future.

Now at record stores, or order today by mailing the coupon and your check to us.

National Lampoon, 635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022 Dept. NL583

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ National Lampoon Presents  
**Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll, and the End of the World**  
albums at \$8.98 each. I enclose a check for \$\_\_\_\_\_.  
(Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

New York State residents: Please add 8¼% sales tax.

Marketed by JEM Records, Inc., South Plainfield, New Jersey

# LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80)

Sirs:

I read somewhere that the ancient Aztecs in Mexico invented a calendar so sophisticated and accurate that it was far more advanced than anything anybody else could come up with for hundreds of years. What I can't figure out is, why? Why the hell would the Aztecs be so worried about the time? Where did they have to be? Would one of these ancient Mexicans look at the calendar and tell another, "Oops. Sorry, I gotta go. I've got an appointment to plant some corn at 10:57 and I can't be late. Catch you at the next lunar eclipse"? It just doesn't make sense—especially if you've ever employed a Mexican gardener and know how hard it is to get him to show up on time.

James Gable  
San Jose, Calif.

Sirs:

What do you call someone who turns Teds? A Ted Turner. I've enclosed a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Brent Storm  
Huxley, N.C.

Sirs:

You know what turns me on? Men with a sense of humor. You know what really turns me off? Rudeness, lateness,

and insensitivity to plants. Guess what one of my favorite books is? *The World According to Garp*. One of my favorite movies? You're right, it's *Garp* again! Do I like to water-ski and go for nature walks? You bet I do! My ambitions? To be a movie actress, of course, and to eventually settle down with the man I love. I like Beethoven and the Talking Heads, and when I was fourteen I had braces and absolutely no breasts. Somebody, please, introduce me to Hugh Hefner!

Sugar Candy  
Dallas, Tex.

Sirs:

Could you guys use an article on the best places to buy dish towels in Camden? Or maybe an interview with Mike Boit, the runner? Or possibly a nostalgia piece on the early days of radio? Anything? Please?

A Free-lance Writer  
On the dole

Sirs:

We're not the kind of folks to wash our dirty laundry in public, but frankly we're in a jam. You see, we put the last episode in the can, put it on the plane, and waited. Normally, the plane would have come back to pick up the next episode, and we would have gotten on board and flown back to the States. But like we said, that was the *last* episode,

and the network says the plane is being used by Wayne Rogers now. So we're stuck. Can you send help?

The Cast of M\*A\*S\*H  
Somewhere in Korea

Sirs:

The Israelis would have us believe that they are not responsible for the massacres in the Palestinian camps. So who do they want us to think is responsible for this horrible act—the Romans?

Chuck Percy  
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

There are tits, and then there are my tits.

Morgan Fairchild  
The Face Above the Tits

Sirs:

At a recent family picnic my grandpa had a seizure and knocked over the barbecue grill, which burned the cat pretty badly and set the picnic table on fire, so I went to call the fire department so that they could put the fire out and give first aid to Grandpa and maybe even to Muffins (the cat), but my brother argued that we should call an ambulance first and try to put out the fire ourselves, and while we were arguing our kid cousin called the ASPCA to get help for the cat and they put her on hold, and while we were waiting to use the phone our grandpa died and the fire spread to our neighbor's garage and their car blew up.

Now people are blaming me and my brother for everything, but we say it's all our stupid kid cousin's fault, and she's blaming the ASPCA. Do you think this is a good case for that "People's Court" TV show?

Ron Azira  
San Oriza, Ariz.

Sirs:

How come you guys don't have pull-out records like some other magazines? You could all sing and act silly and bang on cowbells and stuff. Here are some lyrics you can use if you can't think of any yourself: "We're the *NatLamp* gang and we have a pet cat mascot called Blacky. We're crazy, we're nutty, we're wacky."

Frank Jacobs  
Sung to the tune of  
500,000 big ones a year

Sirs:

Here's one for you. There's a movie called *8½*. I guess it's about Bo Derek as a teenager. Get it?

Freddy Fellini  
Cannes, France



Sirs:

If you ever feel ill at ease in a social situation, there is one phrase that is never out of place. Whatever the subject, just say, "So is my dick." Let's think of a few common subjects that could arise at a small dinner party. A guest says to you, "It's been really hot lately, hasn't it?" You just reply, "So is my dick." Or the economy. Another visitor says to you, "Times are really hard these days." You just reply, "So is my dick." Or you can even start a conversation with a simple "How are you?" After the other party replies, "I'm fine," you come back with "So is my dick." You need never feel out of place in a social situation again.

Letitia (Tish) Baldrige  
Good Manners, Iowa

Sirs:

We've got a bet on about girls. Are you supposed to put it into the big hole in front, or the little hole in back? I say the big one in front. If I win, it means Ozzie Johnson is a homo. If I lose, it means that the entire Mowgli Chapter of the Louisiana Wolf Cub Pack is homo. Except Ozzie Johnson.

Mowgli Wolf Cub Pack  
Behind the Laundromat with Amanda  
Louisville, Ky.

Sirs:

We are fed up with your misspellings and mispronunciations and bad jokes, so we're holding a contest to rename us. Send in your suggestions as soon as possible, because we're really getting pissed.

Botswana, Burundi, Djibouti,  
Qatar, and Zimbabwe

Sirs:

I think I got Hermes.

Mike Kowalski  
Classics 310  
Harvard

Sirs:

I've got a question for you that I hope you or one of your readers might have an answer to: "Who was Casper the Friendly Ghost before he died?" I know it wasn't me.

The Lindbergh Baby

## C R E D I T S

Pages 39-41: photographs. John Walker; page 49: photo retouching. Bob Rakita; page 50: illustration. Gary Kelley; pages 58, 59: illustrations. Bart Stabler; page 60: map. Phil Scheuer; pages 64, 65: calligraphy. Jeffrey Engel.

## If you're irritated by shaving problems: ingrown hairs, razor bumps, lines and large pores, the Jan Stuart natural shaving concept is for you.

Do you dread shaving? Bristle at the very thought? Now you can end shaving misery with Jan Stuart's Super Lubricated, Combination Shaving/Cleansing Creme.

Unlike harsh shaving foam, this natural, fragrance-free creme is a combination of deep, rich cleansers that loosen clogged pores and soothing emollients that soften, lubricate and prepare your beard for a close, comfortable shave.

This remarkable creme is Phase I of a five-phase daily skin care program developed by renowned nutritionist, Dr. Herbert S. Feldman. In dry/normal or oily skin formulas, these products used in a regular program are guaranteed to eliminate shaving problems and produce a dramatic difference in your skin's appearance, usually within one week, or your money back.

**Phase I—Super Lubricated Combination Shaving/Cleansing Creme** contains natural wheat germ and coconut oils as well as Aloe Vera for added skin lubrication. Plus collagen, which builds firmness and elasticity for supple skin. Highly concentrated, use this creme sparingly—in the morning for cleansing and shaving, in the evening for deep cleaning.

**Phase II—Aftershave Skin Toner/Astringent** removes excess dirt and oil, invigorates and tightens skin. Dry/normal toner is formulated with grapefruit oil and contains no alcohol. Astringent for oily skin has eucalyptus and chamomile.

**Phase III—Day Protective Moisturizer** with Aloe Vera, vitamin E, lemon and avocado oils and sunscreen helps lock in moisture and soothe your



skin after shaving, protecting the skin from harsh weather and pollutants every day.

**Phase IV—(PM) Night Creme/Beard Softener** is a penetrating creme enriched with vitamins, natural herbs and oils to smooth lines and wrinkles while it softens your beard for the next morning shave.

**Phase V—Firming Masques** including protein masque with Aloe Vera for dry/normal skin or mineral masque for oily complexions. Draws out blackheads, makes pores smaller while softening lines and wrinkles.

Specialty products for all skin types: **Natural Jojoba Under Eye Rejuvenating Creme**, a rich, emollient creme which softens lines and wrinkles near the eye area.

**Natural Abrasive Honey/Almond Scrub** sloughs off dead skin cells, cleans and unclogs pores. Reduces blemishes, smooths bumps and lifts out ingrown hairs that cause shaving irritation.

### Dry/Normal

- (#01)
- (#02)
- (#03)
- (#04)
- (#05)

### Oily

- (#06)
- (#07)
- (#08)
- (#09)
- (#10)

**Phase I** — Combination Shaving/Cleansing Creme 4 oz./\$10.

**Phase II** — Aftershave/Toner/Astringent 4 fl. oz./\$9.

**Phase III** — Day Protective Moisturizer 1 oz./\$7.50.

**Phase IV** — Night Creme/Beard Softener 2 oz./\$17.

**Phase V** — Firming Masque 2 oz./\$12.50

### Specialty products for all skin types:

(#11) Natural Jojoba Under Eye Rejuvenating Creme 2 oz./\$22.50

(#12) Natural Abrasive Honey/Almond Scrub 2 oz./\$12.50

**FREE Honey/Almond Face Scrub** (a \$12.50 value) when you buy a complete five-phase program for your skin type. Regularly \$71.00, only \$58.50 (including shipping).

(#13) Dry/Normal Program  (#14) Oily Program

Send order form with payment  
check or money order (no C.O.D.'s) to:  
**National Lampoon Inc.**  
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Order Total \_\_\_\_\_ \$  
Sales Tax (NY residents add tax) \_\_\_\_\_ \$  
First Class Shipping (outside U.S. \$4) \$ 2.50  
Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

### JAN STUART NATURAL SKIN CARE FOR MEN™

Available at: Bamberger's, Bloomingdale's, Carson's, Filene's, Jordan Marsh, Macy's, Marshall Field, Saks Fifth Avenue, Wanamaker's and Mr. Guy, Beverly Hills.

N L 5/83



# Can You Help Larry "J.R." Hagman Find His Missing Prescription Bottle?

**S**INCE LARRY HAGMAN QUIT smoking he has been very, very, very nervous. When his house was hit by a flood, among the artworks, plastic pocket fans, and handguns washed away was a small bottle of important medication with Larry's name on it. His doctor won't give him any more for another month. So it's crucial to Larry that he find it. Can't you help? Use your sharp, young eyes to spot the bottle and circle it and send it in. You could win a prize if your entry is picked at random and you happen to live in a place where this contest is not prohibited by law. This contest is not open to Larry Hagman or his employees and family members.



**"You just gotta, you just gotta, please, please, I'm hurtin' bad, really bad."**



RELAX LARRY, HELP IS ON THE WAY! I spotted your prescription bottle immediately, and if it hasn't washed out to sea yet, just search at the spot circled above and you'll be feeling better in no time.

Send to: Help Larry  
National Lampoon  
635 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

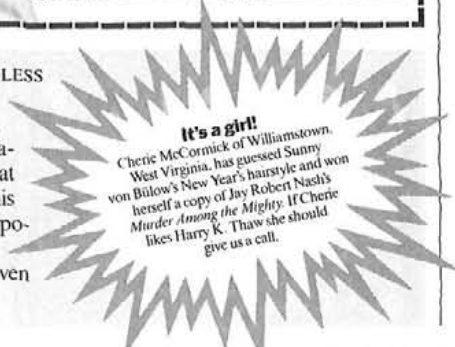
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



THIS MONTH'S PRIZE IS AGAIN THE AUDIOVOX AT-20 CORDLESS telephone. The best and most expensive of all cordless telephones we tested, it has a range of seven hundred feet, works with rotary and touch-tone systems, has a lockable handset, a redial feature, a page device, and several other FCC-approved qualities that make it worth winning. Remember, you need no skill to win this contest, as the winners are picked at random. (Audiovox Corporation, which donates these prizes, is located at 150 Marcus Blvd., Hauppauge, N.Y. 11788, and does not necessarily approve of or even like this contest.) This contest void where prohibited by law.



**It's a girl!**  
Cherie McCormick of Williamstown, West Virginia, has guessed Sunny von Bülow's New Year's hairstyle and won herself a copy of Jay Robert Nash's *Murder Among the Mighty*. If Cherie likes Harry K. Thaw she should give us a call.

Worth paying the price for.



**MOUNT GAY**

REFINED



**ECLIPSE  
BARBADOS  
RUM**

AS MADE OVER 170 YEARS  
ON THE ISLAND OF BARBADOS

WEST INDIES  
HURCH

*Chra*

The tougher the challenge, the sweeter the satisfaction... no matter what the cost. That's why sailing men go to incredible lengths to compete with the sea. Why all men who scale the heights — and know what it is to pay the price — have such an affinity for Mount Gay Rum, the one rum that has successfully met its challenge. Mount Gay is, indeed, the world's finest rum.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, 100's, 10 mg. "tar",  
0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# KOOL LIGHTS

**There's only one  
way to play it.**

There's only one  
sensation this refreshing.  
Low 'tar' Kool Lights.  
The taste doesn't  
miss a beat.

